

PUNCH NOVEMBER 8 1961

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Punch



THE REGAL FLAVOUR OF SCOTLAND...



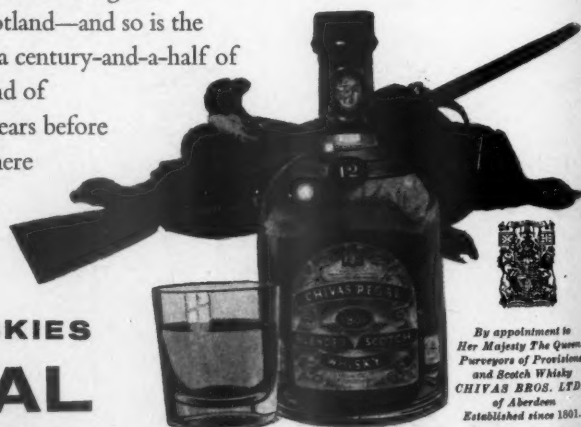
The splendid black-cock—dandy of Scotland's game birds. Number 1 of a series, specially painted for Chivas Regal by John Leigh Pemberton.

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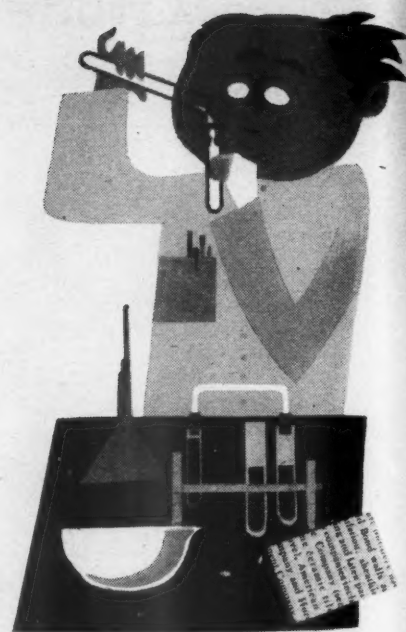


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He's been basking in this state of indecision ever since he chose the lazy way out and took the roundabout sea route to those yearly Los Angeles talks — via Naples, Bombay, Colombo, Sydney and the vast and sunny Pacific. He's spent whole mornings wondering whether to have a swim in that glittering blue pool or exercise his new-found sea legs in one of those shamelessly invigorating deck games. Then of course, just when he's made up his mind (to do both) it's time for another delectable, challenging meal. Oh, well, there's always tomorrow!



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WINDSOR BY

Dents

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Nov. 9,

1826.



RIGHT HON. ANTHONY BROWN,

Lord Mayor.

CHARLES FAREBROTHER, Esq. Ald.
HENRY WINCHESTER, Esq.

Sheriffs.

GUILDHALL.

General Bill of Fare.

DINNER

100 Turkeys, real Turtle, containing
Five Plates each
200 Bottles of Turtle Punch
60 Chicken and Fowls
40 Capons
40 Hams, ornamented
40 Tongues, ditto
40 Baked French Pies
40 Salmon Pies
4 Stewed Kumps of Beef

17 Dished Breasts Veal and Savory
Jelly
4 Baked Turkeys with Oysters
20 Farced Turkeys
20 Orange and other Tourtes
2 Barons of Beef
10 Pieces of Sirloin, Rump and
Ribs Beef
2 Rounds of Beef
20 Dishes Turts, creamed

REMOVES.

40 Dishes Wild Fowls

20 Dishes Jelly
10 Blanchmanges
40 Dishes Shell Fish
40 Ditto Prawns
20 Ditto mashed and other Potatoes
20 Salads
2 Almond Pastry
2 Caramel Baskets
20 Large Mince Pies
20 Marrow Fuddings

20 Turkeys, roasted
100 Pounds weight of Fine Apples
144 Dishes best Hot-house Oranges
200 Ice Creams
10 Plates Apples of different kinds

20 Boxes of Peas
20 Ornamented Heavy Cakes
20 Plates Walnuts

100 Dishes Game
20 Plates Dried Fruits & Preserves
20 Dishes Real Cakes, &c.
40 Ditto Preserved Ginger

At which the

1 Turkeys, real Turtle
1 Dishes of Fish
2 Turkeys and Oysters
2 Barons of Beef, stewed
2 Dishes Cold Chicken
2 Hams, ornamented
2 Tongues, ditto

2 Fox Paws, large
2 Pheasants

2 Apples
2 Hot-house Oranges
20 Ice Creams
2 Dried Fruits
2 Real Cakes

2 Dishes
4 Dishes
2 Dishes
2 Dishes

on presides.

1 Blanchmanges
1 Dishes Prawns
1 Ditto Lobsters
1 Ditto Caramel Baskets
1 Ditto Almond Cakes, ornamented
1 Cold Mince Pies
1 Marrow Fuddings

Dishes Wild Fowls
Ditto Partridges

2 Dishes Golden Bumpies
4 Ditto Preserved Ginger
2 Ditto Strawberries
Orange Clupe, &c. &c.



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How a man can still dine famously at home

You don't need a butler to make a perfectly ordinary meal seem convincingly like a banquet. A bottle of Directors' Bin will do just as well. A glass of this noble and benevolent port wine will bring the simplest supper to its end with a fanfare of trumpets. And astonishingly, Directors' Bin costs no more than 26/- a bottle.

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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Affair (Strand)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)
The Death of Bessie Smith and The American Dream (Royal Court)—one-act plays from New York, second much better than first. (1/11/61)
The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
As You Like It (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. November 10. (12/7/61)
Becket (Aldwych)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. November 9-15. (26/6/61)
Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)
Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)
The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)
Bonne Soupe (Comedy)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)
Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)
Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales)—average American musical. (18/10/61)
Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)
Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)
Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)
Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—patchy production that has improved. November 8 and 11. (19/4/61)
Heartbreak House (Wyndham's)—new production, reviewed this week.
Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)
The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)
Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)
The Long Sunset (Mermaid)—new historical drama.
The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)
Luther (Phoenix)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

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Punch, November 8 1961

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull drearily American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from **Oliver Twist**. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Oresteia (Old Vic)—new production. Until November 18.
Othello (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's first Othello too elaborately produced. November 9. (18/10/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. November 11 and 14. (18/10/61)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych)—Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey make the evening worth while. November 8. (20/9/61)
Teresa of Avila (Vaudeville)—Sybil Thorndike in mild but well-acted play about Carmelite squabbles. (1/11/61)
A Whistle in the Dark (Apollo)—Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Bristol Old Vic. **Mother Courage**, until November 25.
 Northampton Theatre. **A Man For All Seasons**, until November 18.
 Ipswich Theatre. **The School for Scandal**, until November 18.
 Perth Theatre. **Corinth House**, until November 17.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Breakfast at Tiffany's (Plaza)—Glossy light romantic comedy in colour, beautifully done; Audrey Hepburn irresistible. (1/11/61)
Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)
Gorgo (London Pavilion)—Reviewed this week.
The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure story. (10/5/61)
Hiroshima Mon Amour (Gala-Royal)—Revival of the subtle, moving, allusive, atmospheric love story directed by Alain Resnais. (20/1/60)
The Hustler (Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.
Il Grido (Paris-Pullman)—Antonioni's 1957 tragedy of a workman and his wanderings in the Po Valley. (4/10/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XI



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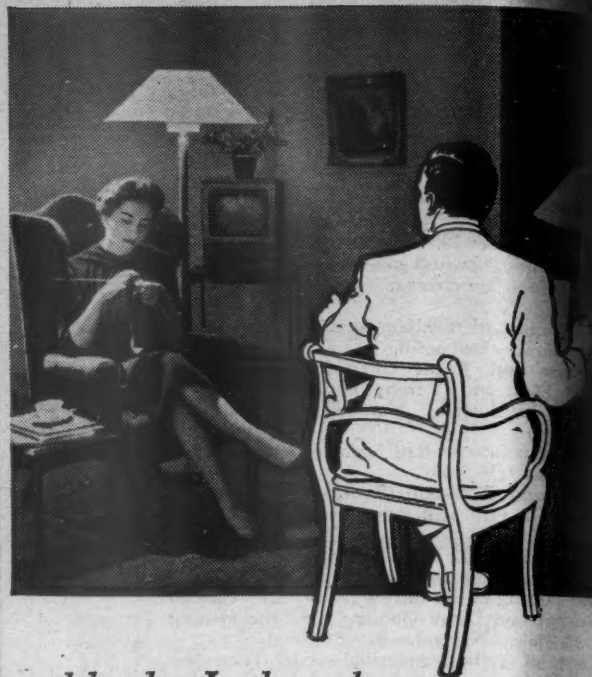
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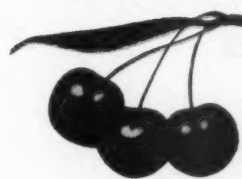
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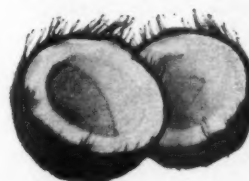
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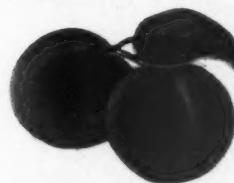
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Jan of the Sixth Happiness (Rialto)—Revival: Ingrid Bergman as a dedicated amateur missionary in China, Robert Donat (his last film appearance) as a mandarin. (3/12/58)

Les Jeux de l'Amour (Academy)—Triangle comedy; funny detail, questionable basis. (27/9/61)

The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (16/9/56)

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Studio One)—Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal films—facetious music, arranged fights galore.

La Règle du Jeu (Academy, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)

Seven Samurai (International Film Theatre)—Revival: Kurosawa's fine period (16th-century) piece about the poor village that hired professional warriors to protect it. (2/3/55)

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley)—Misleading title for the French *La Proie pour l'Ombre*. Career-woman (Annie Girardot) wants independence, ditches lover (Christian Marquand) as well as husband (Daniel Gélín) to get it. Good detail, contrived framework.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (17/5/58)

A Taste of Honey (Gala-Royal)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)

A Taste of Love (Paris-Pullman)—French (*Les Grandes Personnes*): a young-girl-grows-up piece, with Jean Seberg involved in an emotional triangle. Some good atmospheric scenes.

Two Women (Continental and Ritz)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

Volcano (Academy)—Wonderful colour pictures of volcanoes, put together by an enthusiast. (17/9/61)

SHOPS

On November 8 at **Harrods** Audrey Erskine Lindop speaks on "Novel Writing v. Domesticity," on November 15 Laurens van der Post's subject is "Unwritten Literature of Africa"; both 3.30 pm, Georgian restaurant. Their Christmas department has a special bar accessory section, as does **Aquascutum's** Christmas gift shop for men: also featured, silver and leather goods, shirts, casual wear. **Bourne & Hollingsworth's** Man's Shop, with self-selection units, has classic and casual knitwear. Various types of contemporary lighting are shown in special settings: fourth floor, until year end. Now at **Maples** is a colourful Central Hall display of English and Oriental carpets.

Simpson's Dry-Ski school, with the new snow carpet, begins November 13. Enrolment necessary for course of six weekly lessons: pre-ski fitness courses for experienced ski-ers start same date. **Lillywhite's** have six-lesson ski courses for beginners Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, plus general evening ski warming classes: enrolment necessary.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIV



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PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6321 November 8 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 700.



Charivaria

WHATEVER people may think, the new *Punch* series called "The Crowded World" has nothing to do with the royal event. *Punch's* congratulations to Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon on the birth of another great-great-grandson to cartoonist Linley Sambourne.

As You Were.

THERE'S a suggestion abroad in the corridors of Television House that the real reason why the Government is retaining these unhappy National Servicemen for an extra six months is because they mean to send troops in if the strike of actors and variety artists looks like getting too serious. If this means *The Army Game* seven days a week let's pray for a quick settlement.

It's Quicker by Train

ASKED why he had robbed the same place five times, a finally captured thief said "I have a heart condition and

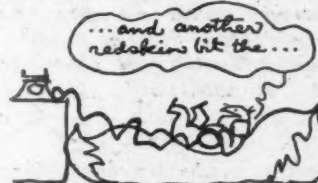


cannot run far. This office is near to an Underground station." Sad to think that the wages of sin nowadays apparently won't stretch to a car. Or are endless traffic jams another factor in forcing crime underground?

Unhappy Ever After

THE Hull experiment of telling children bedtime stories by telephone at the drop of a dialling tone was so successful that lines were

flooded by requests. Knowing how ugly parts of Grimm and Andersen can be, I hope the system ensures that the story starts and ends for each new listener; to be plunged in half way



through, as at the pictures, hearing Red Riding Hood on the point of being gobbled up by the wolf in grandma's clothing, and then to be cut off never knowing that it all came right, could build up a traumatic nightmare for life.

Art and All That Muck

VOICING the displeasure of the sturdy citizens of Nottingham over the alleged indecency of the Nottingham University "rag" magazine, a spokesman described it as "fit only for the depraved minds of our intellectuals." Of course we may have been given a totally wrong idea of what Nottingham life is like by such writers as D. H. Lawrence and Alan Sillitoe; but I'd hardly have thought, on their evidence, that Nottingham non-intellectuals were the ideal people to stand up in the market place and announce that when they hear the word culture they reach for their pistols.

Whitefoot and Whitecoat

SO "vets" are being offered portable transistorised detectors for finding metal in cows. I know just what will happen. There stands Whitefoot, munching importantly, while Whitecoat runs over her with a device which



"I'd always thought of BBC Television as embryonic, puerile and jejune: now suddenly it's twenty-five years old, mature, experienced, exciting and unbelievably attractive."

goes *ping* as it picks up a corset stiffener in the oesophagus and *ping-ping* as it finds a pair of grand giveaway ear-clips in the second stomach. Each *ping* brings a light into the eyes of Whitecoat and Whitefoot. The other cows, whose stomachs contain only grass and match-boxes, are jealous of Whitefoot and at the same time feel they are letting down



"A hankie will do. El Inglese has burst into tears again."

their masters, so they pine. When Whitefoot returns boasting about her operation they worm the secret out of her and then can't wait to fill themselves with bottle tops and broken zippers. Why can't scientists look ahead?

Balance of Power

IT is good news that the Russians have discovered another planet. It will do something to restore the situation when they have blown up this one.

Talking for Time

REFEREES complain that soccer players have taken to arguing craftily about why they have been penalised so that the rest of their team can regroup strategically during the debate. This is very like the old-time war trick of asking for a truce, under some such altruistic pretext as burying the dead, so as to move up reserves. It is also an up-to-date Communist technique. Ensuring that a nuclear test ban conference goes on long enough for you to let off all your big bangs first is a precise image in macrocosm of continually saying you weren't off-side until the other forwards and halves have moved to where you want them.

Bertrand Russell Blues

I AM surprised, but rather pleased, that the BBC allows Robin Hall to wear his CND badge when he sings in *Tonight*. (If anyone tells me it's not Robin Hall but Jimmy Macgregor, let me make it plain—I mean the one who stands up in the studio but sits down outside the Russian Embassy.) This seems to me as near controversial as makes no difference. Would they let him wear a button saying "We Dig Mac" if he felt like it? or a tie embroidered with hammers and sickles? More to the point, would they let him sing a song advocating the principles of the Committee of 100 if it were a good song by other applicable standards?

Injured Innocence

I MUST say I was amazed at the decision of the Chairman of Middlesex Sessions, that "casing a joint" preparatory to robbing it cannot be classed as loitering with intent to commit a felony. If the point at issue

were whether or not the accused was actually casing the joint, that would be another matter; but in this instance it was not disputed that this was what the accused was doing. I suppose what was in the Chairman's mind was that there was always the possibility that the accused might have decided the joint was either beyond or unworthy of his skill.

Greyer than Grey

I AM sorry to see that the search for an edible detergent has been frustrated by the researchers' inability to produce a standard dirt to test it with. Let us hope that science will triumph again and that both products will one day be on the market. The commercials should be worth seeing.

Power of Advertising

A FAMILY car containing three squalling children came to rest in traffic just behind a bus on the back of which was a camera firm's slogan: "Why not shoot your children? Before they grow up?" Father and children exchanged glances and there was quiet for nearly five minutes.

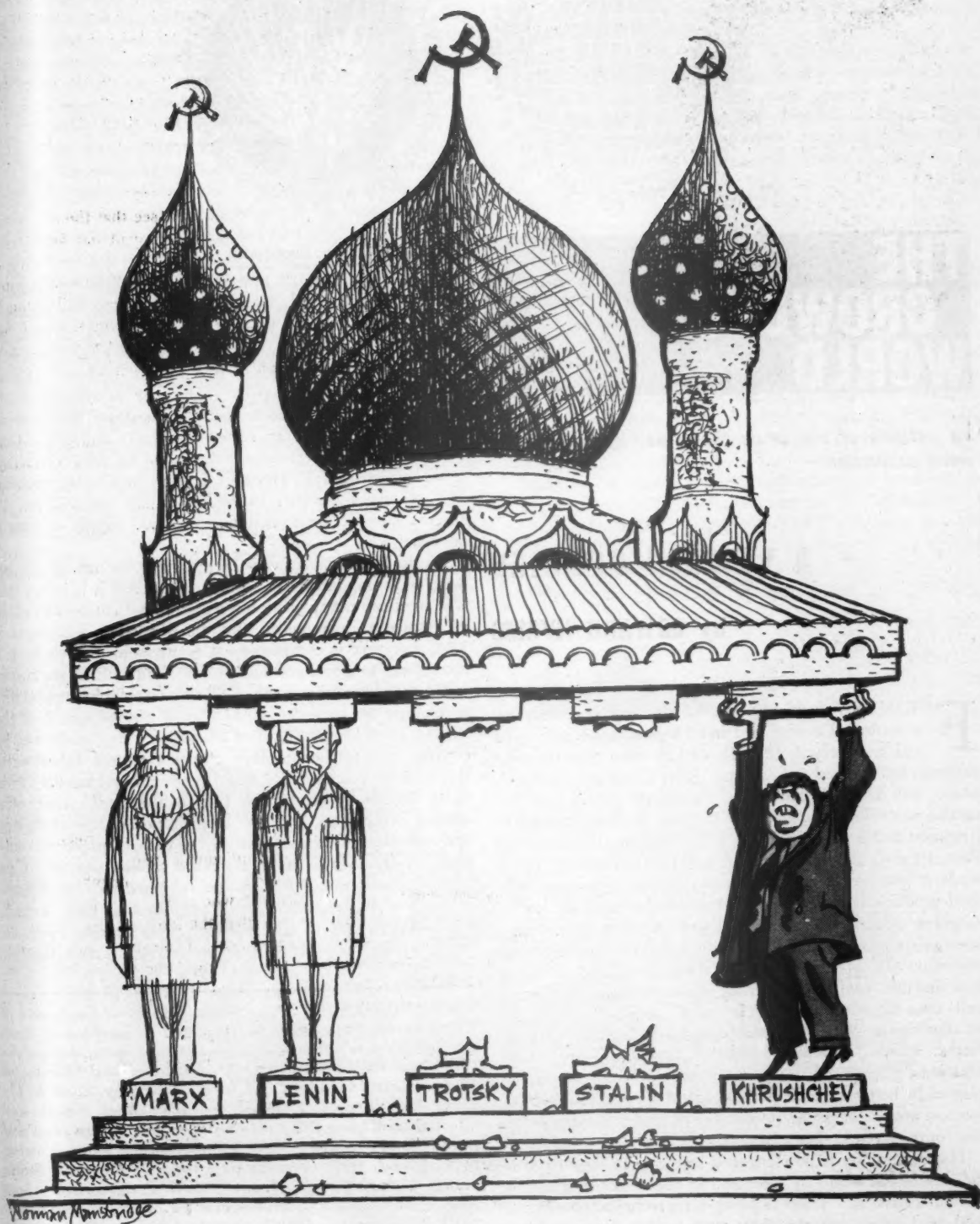
Huis Clos

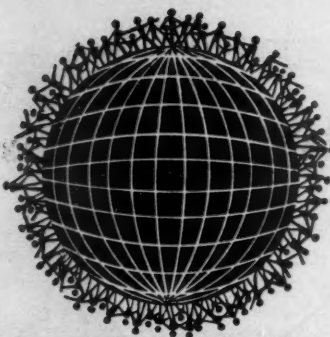
THERE was a talkative lady in the audience at the Wigmore Hall when I went there one evening last week who was clearly vexing the pianist on the platform. Every time he put his hands on the keyboard to play, she murmured something to her neighbour in a voice obviously louder than she thought it was, and he took his hands off again and folded them in his lap. For the benefit of those members of the audience who may have wondered what it was that the lady was so anxious to communicate, I can report exactly what she was saying. She was saying "Why doesn't he start?"

How It Happened

THE war began because a parley Collapsed one day at "Checkpoint Charlie." From "Roger" Base a voice said "Now!" They passed the code-phrase "Holy Cow," And so, from "F for Freddie" site, "Jayne Mansfield" soared into the night.

— MR. PUNCH





THE CROWDED WORLD

An analysis of the crisis threatened by an exploding world population

A VERMIN SPECIES

by EDWARD HYAMS

FORMERLY man was one of the less prepossessing animals and as such had an ecological niche: he preyed and was preyed on. To escape from this tiresome situation he invented agriculture. After a primitive neolithic phase, two kinds of husbandry developed: where soil and rainfall were short, the elaborate devising and maintenance of irrigation and terrace works, as in pre-historic Baluchistan or Peru, entailed economic socialism and political tyranny which made it possible to hold population growth in balance with food-production increase by control of marriage, the use of religious devices, of infanticide, and of contraceptive and abortion-procuring herbs. Where soil and rainfall were plentiful, giving room for population growth by bringing new land under cultivation, private ownership of land developed and thus free economies. In such cases, bad harvests entailed famine which resulted in excess of male over female births; hence "natural" population control, reinforced by occasional plagues. Famine was overcome by better farming, plagues by better hygiene, so that control of population growth was lost and so, as private ownership of land became general, was control over food-production.

The community is now engaged in trying to recover it, in the communist world by force and in the capitalist world by economic suasion. There is a long-term technical problem of food-production; but the short-term food-shortage problem is not technical, it is political, social, in short, artificial.

The Long-Term Problem

Earth's size, and therefore the volume of material capable of being turned into comestible matter by whatever means, is finite; the size of the human race, increasing at 1.6% per year, isn't. Every minute about 6 cwt. of a finite supply of matter is being reorganised into human bodies. Ultimate result: all suitable elements at present distributed in the Earth's crust and in the animal and vegetable bodies of our fellow species will be converted into Jacks and Jills. *Quod absurdum est?* Any reason to believe that we shall ever behave other than absurdly? However, leaving the ultimate problem, one of standing-room, to be solved by cannibalism, I'll discuss how we are to maintain the food supply as long as we can.

World food production is increasing at the rate of 2% per year: in some places it is declining, in others it is better than 2%, in others not so good, but we are at present slightly ahead of population increment. But the population increment of 1.6% per year is compound. Can we hold our lead? If I am allowed to ignore political and social difficulties, the answer is Yes, for a long time we can. There is no technical reason why agriculture all over the world should not be raised to the British, even Danish, level of efficiency. Not, of course, by copying our methods: other climates require other ways. But if every means now known to agricultural science, from those devised by pre-historic man to the most recent, were applied everywhere, with the co-operation of the whole race and regardless of expense, then conventional agriculture could probably feed six or seven thousand million people. I am here supposing that politicians are relegated to a subordinate role; farmers, engineers and agronomists take control; Sahara oil is used to raise Sahara water; Chinese rivers are brought under control; Australian, and some Soviet rivers are

EDWARD HYAMS, 50, novelist. Educated England and Europe. Has travelled the western hemisphere. Conservative by instinct and socialist by reason, writes for the "New Statesman" with his left hand and "Financial Times" with his right. A lapsed cockney, took to the land and practises what he preaches; "Soil and Civilisation" was his first contribution to the food and population problem. Helped to restore wine-growing to England, first in Kent and now in Devon. Radio and TV work ranges from Third Programme short stories to plays for Commercial TV. Most recent novel, "All We Possess" (Book Society Choice). Believes the last line of "Candide" should be taken literally.

turned round; an optimum amount of forest clearance is done in Amazonia and Africa; capitalisation and manning of plant and animal breeding stations are multiplied by 100; industry is submitted to agriculture as its servant.

Conventional agriculture having been fully exploited, there are other possibilities:

- (a) Farming the waters. On water we are still at the hunting stage. By developing methods now under study we could farm the sea as land is farmed. An acre of sea will yield far more animal protein than an acre of land and there is very much more of it. It follows that sea-farming would enable us to more than double population. A world population of 12,000m. can be envisaged. The price paid in amenity will be total extermination of animal and plant species not contributing to the making of human bodies.

Gastronomic revolution: animal husbandry is wasteful of land. The problem of food-production is a chemical one: how to turn certain mineral salts and atmospheric carbon into comestible and digestible matter. Plant species, e.g. wheat, are more efficient converters than animal species, since the grass cattle eat has to maintain them as well as us. High protein diets make muscular energy, but increasing mechanisation replaces muscular with mechanical energy. The civilisations of Athens, China, pre-Spanish Peru, Egypt, Italy were founded and sustained on grain, not meat. Elimination of animal in favour of grain husbandry would enable us to feed a larger population. Plant breeding is producing grain strains to grow where only grass would grow before.

- (c) Improvements on grain as a means of converting minerals and sunlight into food: e.g., some fast-breeding algae are very efficient photosynthesisers and could become an important source of food.

- (d) Replacement of biological by chemical means of converting mineral elements into food. Food production is an energy-and-matter conversion process. At present the cycle is *mineral salts-grass-flesh-carrion-mineral salts* and the alternating processes are photosynthesis and decay. Direct synthesis in the factory may replace the cycle.

The limit having been stated above, can we by these means keep up until that impasse is reached? Technically, yes. Politically, socially, certainly not. Anyway, what sensible person wants to? With world population even at its present level, *homo sapiens* has already become a vermin species.

The Middle-Term Problem

Available world statistics of the Food and Agriculture Organisation show 300m. underfed people. Counting China, and the lowness, admitted by Mr. B. R. Sen, Director-General of the FAO, of the calorie-intake standard, the underfed probably number 500m., the nearly starving probably 200m. The food-production increment lead of 0.4% over population increase is declining. World population by AD 2061, say 6,000m. Prospect: undernourishment for thousands of millions, death from starvation or while fighting for food of several hundred millions, unless there is a plague as effective as bubonic in the 14th century. What to do?

West Europe has a relatively high rate of food-production

The Crowded World



"What shall we break to him first—Santa Claus, sex or radiation?"

increase; but it could be higher, perhaps as high as Israel's world record 8.5%. It should be deliberate European policy to become first self-supporting in, later an exporter of, all temperate-zone food crops. There is no technical difficulty: if food-production efficiency in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Ireland were raised to the Danish level, Europe could feed herself and millions of Africans or Far Easterners besides. But to do this we must abandon the pernicious idea of cheap food; give priority to farming; in labour, capital, and technical services; raise farm and farm-work incomes in return for high efficiency; in general, make farming an *élite* occupation.

North America artificially restricts food production because the US and Canada have an unsaleable surplus. Ignoring this artificial economic snag, they could swiftly reach and probably pass the West European level. In the longer run they could multiply their annual total of food production by three or four. This would entail elimination of both small-holding, and industrial-scale monocultures, in favour of optimum size farms; great increase in manning, since returns from mechanisation diminish after a certain point; raising farmer and farm-worker status by higher money rewards.

South America: consider this fact; in the Inca empire the

provinces which are now the republics of Chile, Peru, Ecuador, parts of Bolivia and Colombia, without wheel, plough or iron, supported a larger population than the present one and fed it so well that the huge stored food surplus fed the Spaniards and their Indios while they were engaged in wrecking the system which had produced it. *But*—the Inca government had complete control of every citizen's life from cradle to grave, and of the entire national resources. However, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. But why, then, is there a food shortage in communist countries now? Because communists are bedevilled by capitalist economics and hypnotised by the status symbol Industry into giving it priority over agriculture.

Given capital and engineering aid *unconditionally*, Australia and New Zealand could enormously increase food production. But we must rid ourselves of the money return per acre criterion. The Dutch make their land pay fantastically well; but it's done by growing dear market-garden crops in exchange for imported staples. It will not do: the criterion must be food-value per acre and damn the cost. I repeat, technicians know how to increase food-production everywhere; they are simply not allowed to do it. The real problem is that the people who most need and will need food cannot



"The County Amalgamated was virtually unknown until they started advertising."



afford to pay for it. Then we must give it to them. Why? Because we are supposed to be Christians and anyway they'll eat us if we don't. How can it be done without ruining the food-producers? By divorcing agriculture from the rest of the economy; by applying foreign-aid funds to the accumulation and distribution of food stores; by remembering what Joseph did in Egypt.

The Short-Term Problem

Technically, there is *no* short-term problem. It is, again, economic and political. Considering the matter globally, North America, Australia, South Africa could be feeding all the world's underfed within five years if it were possible to give food away. As the economists have made this impossible, what prevents the starving from helping themselves? Taking the worst places: in China, wrong priorities, for the Communists have both the technical ability and the control over the peasants who could be bribed, where they cannot be driven, to co-operate. In India, the difficulty of persuading the peasantry to change their methods; and shortage of money to help them to do it. In Africa, the problem is very complex. The rise of nationalist movements could not have come at a worse time. Primitive agriculture has done enormous damage to the top-soil and the erosion problem is acute; this had been realised and it is at least possible that, had white governments remained in control, something would have been done to develop a specifically African agricultural science aimed at increasing food-production while conserving the soil. Unless African politicians turn out to be wiser than European ones—they can hardly be stupider, I suppose—the danger now is that European methods will, for prestige reasons, be applied in conditions where they will do even more damage than primitive ones.

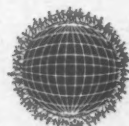
In still other places the problem is a social one: for example, Calabria and Sicily are a disgrace to Europe and a misery to their inhabitants because Italian governments continue to favour the great landowners and therefore will not take over the land and redistribute it as farms which, with proper technical help and finance, would grow food for the people instead of making huge incomes for the gentry out of ranching, or industrial crops.

My general conclusion to all this is fourfold:

1. There exists no technical problem in feeding the existing world population adequately. The problems are political and economic.
2. We have the technical answers to the food production problem which will be posed by rising population within the lifetime of anyone now over forty. But it is very unlikely that the politicians will allow us to use them.



3. We are not yet technically equipped to deal with the problem which will be posed by the world population's food requirements in the second half of the next century. We can, however, envisage the lines along which it will be solved. The solutions will entail such conditions of life that man will cease to be man as we know him: our descendants, unless we agree to limit populations very soon, will be some kind of large ants, not people.
4. The quantity of material which can be worked into the life-cycle being finite, there is a top limit to world population. I would guess it to be round about 15,000m. That limit having been reached, there is no solution short of cannibalism. Of the two principal opponents to birth-limiting policies, the communists would easily be able to justify cannibalism, since objection to it is religious and aesthetic, not material. The difficulty for Christians will be greater.



FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS SERIES BY:

Elsbeth Huxley	Alan Gemmell
Desmond Donnelly	Mary Adams
Ritchie Calder	Claud Cockburn
Maurice O'Leary	Marghanita Laski

Round Ravioli's

ALAN HACKNEY catches the bright ring of words in the caff

"YOU can't turn your back for a minute," asserted the heavy auctioneer's porter, rotating his head like a radar scanner. "When was all this, then?" The new Italian décor of the snack bar showed him up shamefully and clashed with his green apron.

"A-River-Derchy-Romer!" agreed his lighter companion. "Musta bin over the olidies. Never know with old Jack."

"Sit down, then, go on," advised Jack, from behind the counter, affecting an air of unconcern. "Make out you're speechless for a bit; suit me to 'ave it nice and quiet. Tea?"

"Ta," said the heavy porter uneasily, still registering. When a large blip bounced back to him from a gondola-shaped lamp he spoke again. "Not

my idea of decoration, Italian," he said.

"Can't get nothing else done in a good class of work," said Jack, fastening his damp cloth on to pastry crumbs before he put the cups down. "All over now, you only got to look."

"Moving with the times, I spose," nodded the thinner porter in a tone of defeat. "Competition," he added, shaking his head this time and crouching over his cup.

"Doing up, yes, that I grant you," conceded the heavier porter, "only—well. More like a tart's bedroom."

"You don't have to like it," sniffed Jack. "It was case of 'ave to. With the other it was all pay out, pay out, redec every coupla years. Now you got a proper job."

The heavy porter clamped his mouth tight and gazed about with splayed and hard-breathing nostrils. "Name and all! *Ravioli's*," he repeated in a tone of bitter regret, slowly wagging his head. "What was up with Jax Snax?"

"I see 'er father give 'is consent after all," noted the lighter porter, not raising his eyes from the closely folded newspaper which seemed stuck to the palm of his hand. "After they come back from Grei."

"He wouldn't've got *mine*," said Jack indignantly. "Bloke like that for a son-in-law. No prospects bar a trot down the Labour, Fridays. Nineteen, ex-rock singer."

"All Trad now," said the thin porter. "I know what it was—I was telling



"What's this—the Epilogue or a commercial?"

Cyril," said the heavy porter suddenly. "Cyril, you remember what I was telling you what that Trad band was playin' when my boy 'ad it on?"

"No you wasn't," said the lighter porter. "You couldn't remember."

"No, well I 'ave. *The Red Flag*. The blessed Red Flag. All tradded-up, I give you that much, but still, the Red Flag."

"That's the young people of this modern world of to-day," the thinner porter nodded. "Take it as a matter of course."

"What does a bloke say, case like that, the father?" demanded Jack, still brooding over the newspaper runaways. "Any sense, he'd tell em—'Back 'ere after a month and of my ear'ole? I should say so!'"

Interpretation of this seemed to afford neither porter any difficulty and the heavier one began to look about again, cautiously. The refrigerator clicked and shook itself to a standstill behind him.

"Don't talk the same language," alleged the thin porter sadly. "Like take the case of my boy, up the Tech. You'd reckon what they was doing was all technicolour. Well, last thing he was doing was writing up this experiment: Determine the Frequency of a Fork by the Falling Plate Method."

"E'd best not come in 'ere and try that," sniffed Jack.

"Old Burrows still head teacher up there, is 'e?" asked the heavy porter. "Big busty bloke, glasses?"

"That's right, more like a matlo," said the thin one. "That walk 'e 'as."

The heavy porter nodded judiciously. "Big arms on 'im. Chest. Up the Bingo, Sunday, 'e was."

"Never," said the thin porter, leaping to the defence of his son's principal, but without stirring any of his slumped muscles.

"Calculating the odds, I expect," said Jack. "All the same, teachers. See 'em laying any money down without!"

"Like this bloke we got Thursday after the last sale," said the thin porter.

"Buys a big piece, then come round to collect in 'is car. Jim and me get it out, Dutch dresser, you know 'ow big they go, can't dismantle. Anyway, this car. I'd've thought a van, or use the carriers."

"I said what's up with the carriers," put in the heavy porter. "Oh dear no."



"Russian roulette, anybody?"

Only just round the corner, 'e says. Get one end in, on'y course! Car wouldn't look at it. Finish up, we're carryin' it all the way 'ome and up the stairs. I reckoned half a bar apiece." He took a bite at his sandwich.

"Half a dollar!" he choked, in indistinct outrage.

"Shame," said Jack automatically. "Still, it wasn't raining Thursday, one way to look at it."

"All right for you, mate," said the thin porter gloomily. "Sit about 'ere all day, coining it, with your fancy Marley. Nothing you got to 'ump about, bar a trayloada cakes."

"Deenish peestries, Cyril, if you don't mind," corrected the heavier porter in mincing tones. "I dunno what this place is coming to. One time, you 'ad decent stuff 'ere you could getcher choppers into. Any event, what become of all those funny notices you 'ad up before—Be Reasonable, See It My Way, all that?"

"You blokes," said Jack, shaking his head in despair. "'Ow they gunner look on Marblefilm panels?"

"Lovely," said the heavy porter emphatically. "Homey."

"All right," sighed Jack. "Back they go, then."

He fished under the counter and came up with a gleaming white card. The thin porter craned to peer at it.

"The Customer May Be Pigheaded But To Us He's Always Right," he read. A drawing on the card showed two smiling pigs shaking hands.

The heavy porter smiled for the first time, acknowledged at last as a person of influence.

"Much better," he pronounced, spreading himself luxuriously for a moment. "See?" he remarked to the thinner porter, getting up. "On'y want a bit of needlin', these blokes. Righto then, me old Jack. Just got to cop the afternoon session, and we'll be back, and glad to. Cheero, then."

What's My Image?

THE Sketch is read by the Gay, Alert; the Life Enjoyers go For Weekend; then there's the Topic lot, called People Who Must Know. But that's the way of it nowadays. It doesn't matter a bit Whether a paper's right for you. You've got to be right for it.

— ANGELA MILNE

The Dispossessed

An encounter with Mausolus

By EVOE

HOW many thoughts—not too many I hope—must have darted already through the reader's mind when he learned of the expulsion of Stalin from the Mausoleum in the Red Square at Moscow, thus leaving Lenin sadly alone. It is a fine building. A building I am told expressing both serenity and power, but not originally made, as was Daisy's bicycle, for two. Not at least for a dissident two. Uneasy partnership! Something was certain to go wrong. They did not pedal in unison. You cannot have two ideologies in a single tomb.

Yet a Mausoleum is not constructed as a mere *pied-à-terre*. It is taken on a long lease, and only avenging armies or Philistine invasions are likely to destroy it. A kindly man who tries to sweep up the multitudinous leaves of autumn

outside my gate spoke to me last week of this strange thing.

"I suppose they'll only charge half price for entrance now," he said.

I assured him that I believed the admission to be free to all.

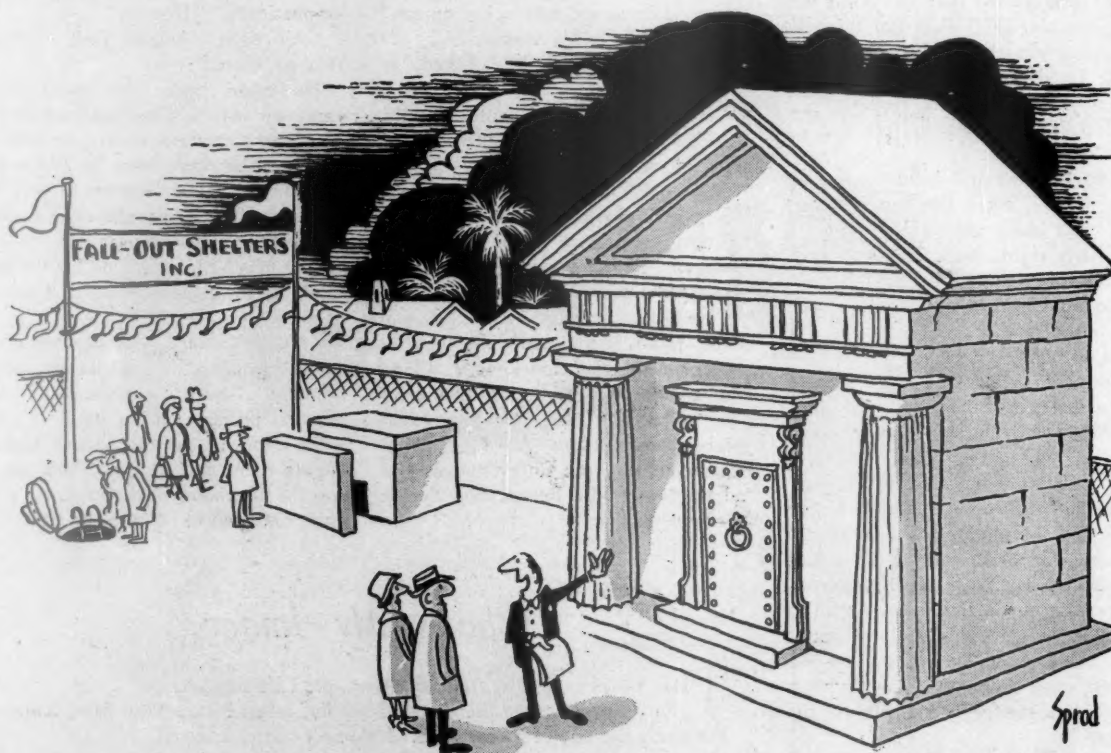
"Well, it'll leave a gap," he murmured, pushing his handcart a few yards farther up the road.

And so it will. One thinks of the several million Chinese who take the Stalinesque view of Communism and must have planned some day to visit the granite shrine, of the thousands it may be in other countries who still think of Stalin, albeit embalmed and recumbent, as a leader, alive. I have even heard him spoken of by war-time admirers as Uncle Joe.

And he has given his name to a city. When the inhabitants of Rugeley

petitioned the Prime Minister for an alteration in the name of their town because of its association with Palmer, the notorious murderer, he said "Why not call it Palmerston?" Perhaps there is some help here, but looking at the old story again, I think not. In any case one is bound to reflect on the evanescence of human fame, the curiosities of language, and the general good luck or otherwise, of Mausolea.

One thinks of the Roman Empire. One thinks of the Taj Mahal. One thinks of Frogmore. But one thinks in particular of Mausolus himself, who thanks to his splendid wife has dowered us with the portentous word, and after two thousand years' residence abroad, starred as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, is happily, as the banqueting Chairman would say, with us to-night.



"This is our de luxe model—and of course if anything should go wrong it makes the perfect family mausoleum."

He has in fact been with us for a little more than a century, and he ought to have had a Centenary celebration. Perhaps he did, and I failed to notice it. To-day I am making amends.

For I have seldom been inside the British Museum without going to have another look at Mausolus. One merely turns to the left and walks straight on, and there he is, close to the canteen. Marmoreal, towering, bereft of his lions, his temple, his horses, his tomb, content with a long corridor of Amazonian friezes and miscellaneous Roman Emperors, but still as noble in bearing and beauty as a Persian Satrap can look when he has lost the greater part of his nose. I asked the attendant once how high the effigy stood.

"I am six foot tall," he told me, "and I guess it's twelve foot."

"I make it nine and a half."

"More like twelve or thirteen."

"In his chariot, not in his shoes."

"He hasn't got any chariot."

"He did once."

"That's as may be."

"Look here," I said. "You get another man, about your own height, and make him stand on your shoulders, and then we'll see."

He could not or would not. Probably the Museum has a rule about these things. My revised opinion is that the statue of Mausolus is almost exactly as high as Lenin standing on Stalin's head.

Poor Mausolus. He was brought to England in 1859 by Sir Charles Newton, the bits of his Memorial having long



"When he promised me a mink, I didn't realise he was a mink farmer."

ago been broken up and used for their own purpose by the Knights of St. John, and since we are dealing with sudden impressions, it occurs to me that perhaps we ought to send him back to Helicarnassus where he rightfully belongs. One can imagine a delicate note from the Foreign Secretary.

"Her Majesty's Government has great pleasure in returning herewith the statue of our dear old Carian guest" (a nice touch this), "to the country which his famous Memorial so long and so conspicuously adorned."

Re-erected, his surroundings reconstructed with the help perhaps of the United Nations, what a goal he would make for the pilgrimage of tourists to the eastern Mediterranean.

Yet a final and happier fancy comes to me as I write. I have been too much concerned with the eponymous Father of Mausolea. I have forgotten Moscow. What if the vacant place left by the ghost of Stalin is reserved for another dictator, lord of a hundred Satraps, who spends his time bombarding the sea-

birds of Novaya Zemlya with megaton bombs and threatening the world with more disasters than Stalin ever dreamed. Is this why Stalin had to go? Is this the autocrat for whom the place lies reverently waiting?

How welcome to all this inheritor would be.

Memo to a Cereal Manufacturer

WIN A DREAM (you urge me)
KITCHEN:

How am I to choose
Gadgets for the small Victorian
Scullery we use?
We must add an item to your
Electronic list
(Winners in the Daily Thingummy—
Should it still exist.)
Never mind your mixer, opener,
Drier, kettle, fan,
Waste-disposer, toaster, washer—
What you want's a man.

— ANTHONY BRODE

Next Week

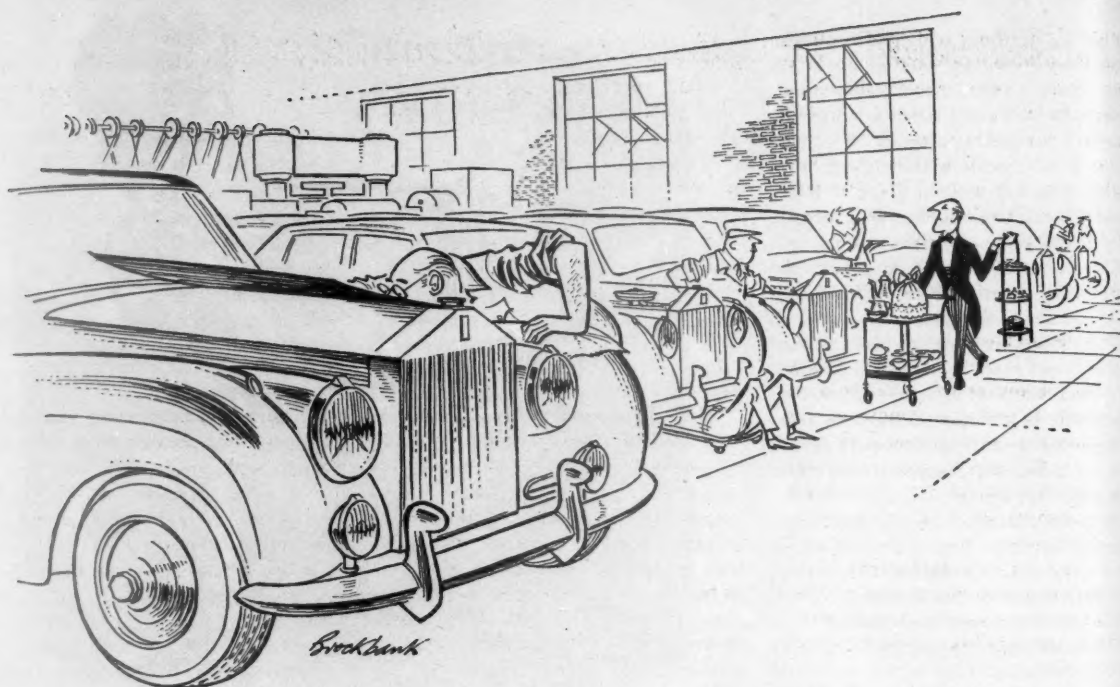
"Hansard in Technicolor"

☆

P. G. WODEHOUSE
reporting from America

☆

STEADMAN
examines Feet



The I. K. Brunel Trauma

By PATRICK RYAN

IT will be no use sending for me when you get your five minutes warning. I remember only one scientific fact from my schooling and that wouldn't keep you free from dandruff, never mind radio-active fallout.

Mr. Gland, the science-master, and I just naturally hated each other. I built a mental block against any of his instruction finding lodgement in my memory. He, for his part, hit me with bunsen burners, calorimeters, and any other apparatus more durable than my skull. He slipped his single fact through my cataleptic guard after covering the blackboard in a wicker-work of waves and droning all afternoon about resonance, nodes and anti-nodes.

"And thus it has been calculated," he rasped, "that if a Labrador dog weighing 56 pounds were to cross the Clifton Suspension Bridge at 4.2 m.p.h., the whole structure would disintegrate."

Safe in my scientific ignorance I can contemplate the Bomb, Fred Hoyle or

botulinus toxin without sitting down in the street. But Mr. Gland's small victory made me allergic for life to suspension bridges. The sight of the Albert's spider-arms, brings me out in nettle-rash. Every time they revive that newsreel of the bridge over the Tacoma Narrows, California, twisting itself to death, the doctor doubles my tranquillisers. And the recent news that forty soldiers counter-marched on a Doncaster bridge to test it for sway and deflection brought back my I. K. Brunel trauma hot and strong.

They made me work, some years ago, in Bristol and the shadow of the Clifton Bridge gave me the continual creeps. I never dared set foot on its precarious span until a hypnotherapist in White-ladies Road persuaded me that if I once walked across it, my Gland-made neurosis would be exorcised.

Masochism conquers all and, as to the firing-squad, I strode one misty evening to the entrance.

"Single or return?" asked the ticket-

man, rather brusquely I thought.

"Single." I wouldn't gamble on getting across, never mind coming back.

"Is it safe?" I said.

"Safe as houses. Put up in 1864 by Isambard Kingdom Brunel and never fell down yet."

I stamped hard as I took my first, cautious steps but nothing rattled or fell off. I was all alone on the bridge, a figment of Alfred Hitchcock's imagination, a solitary man in a high place moving forward under his burden of fear.

And then I saw the dog. A Labrador eyeing me from the other side.

Icicles dulcimered up my spine. Mr. Gland had got me . . . trapped on the Clifton with a Labrador as big and as black and as near fifty-six pounds as half-a-hundredweight of coal . . . The dog was teetering on the spot, feeling for the beat, getting set for a strict-tempo, bridge-shattering burst . . . My clairvoyance broke through . . . He'd clearly been trained for the job. The

hounds of the world had been hunting Isambard Kingdom Brunel down the arches of the years. Somewhere along the way, driven crazy by a lifetime with those Christian names, he'd crossed up the dogs . . . and now, the mutts had caught up with him . . . After a century of selective breeding to the Gland formula, they had their perfect 56-pound, 4.2 miler in the ring and pattering towards me on his cataclysmic feet.

I felt the bridge swaying in the wind. That canine Sylvester was really getting hep with the anti-nodes. I ran to meet him, goose-stepping to counteract his destructive rhythm. He raised his pace to a good 6.3 m.p.h. and the bridge settled back in its sockets. I'd saved it for the moment but I had to keep him from dropping back into his 4.2 step. Wagging my bowler-hat playfully behind me as quarry and barking like a young, female Labrador, I galloped back to the Gloucestershire entrance.

"Everybody off the bridge!" I cried.

"The dog's got its number. The nodes'll do for us all."

"Hold on," said the ticket-man. "You can't come back this way. You only took a single."

"It's that Labrador all the scientists talk about," I said. "The 56-pounder with the deadly resonance."

"I don't know nothing about no deadly Labradors, mate. You ain't got a return ticket, so you can't come through."

"I'll buy a return then . . ."

A big woman in hairy tweeds loomed behind the official.

"Hi!" she shouted. "My Lysander."

As I fished in my pocket for money that doom-dog snapped up my bowler and, remembering his destiny, set off back across the footway at his ritual dressage. Not only were my ticket and three ten-bob notes tucked inside that hat but the bridge started in to shimmy again. I hared after him, flailing my raincoat and banshee-bawling to liven his pace.

He put in a spurt and once again I

had saved the Clifton for posterity. As he reached the other side the Somerset ticket-man came out and shoed him back.

"Let him through!" I yelled. "Or he'll have us all in the Avon. He's the Labrador Isambard didn't allow for."

The dog doubled back behind me.

"Just a minute, cully," said the official. "All tickets, please."

"The dog's got my ticket. It's in my hat."

"And have you got a ticket for the dog?"

"He's not my dog."

"Then why's he carrying your hat?"

A lady came through from Somerset carrying a placard saying, "Despair Ye Not." The Labrador didn't like the look of her and padded off back again at his pre-destined drumbeat.

"After him, man!" I shouted. "Keep him on the gallop if you value your career."

"Wait!" cried the banner-lady.

"Think of your family."

The hound kept just ahead of my



"What's he really like, wise-wise?"



"Any chance of a lift on your pillion as far as the Working Men's Club tonight, son?"

thrashing raincoat. He stopped in the middle as the Gloucestershire ticket-man and the tweed-woman bore down on him.

"Lysander!" she boomed. "You leave my Lysander be."

My fountain-pen spun out of my coat-pocket and arc-ed above the dog. He leapt to catch it and released the bowler in mid-air. The wind whipped it up and dropped it on the curving chain. I climbed on the railing and reached for it. The Despair-Ye-Not lady, it transpired, dedicated her days to dissuading people from jumping off the Clifton Bridge and she now concluded that I was preparing to go over.

"Stop!" she cried, buffeting me with the flat of her placard. "That's no way out, brother."

She put on my left foot the toe-hold with which Frank Gotch subdued Hackenschmidt. The dog crunched the pen and red ink ran down his jowls.

"He's bleeding. He's wounded my Lysander," roared the tweed-woman. "You wicked brute, you!"

She belted me where she could reach with her handbag. Lysander lost his

wick and bit the Somerset ticket-man. His colleague blew short blasts on a police-whistle. I finally got my bowler and scrambled back to the footway.

"Saved!" yelled Mrs. Despair-Ye-Not. "A brand back from the burning."

Lysander's mistress got him on the lead. Single-minded as Lenin he pulled her away towards Clifton at his spot-on 4.2 stomp.

"Everybody off!" I ordered as the bridge started wriggling. "They'll have our lot before they make Gloucestershire."

I raced off the other way, Despair-Ye-Not chasing behind like a devout punkah-wallah. The ticket-men stayed where they were. In the tradition of the service, I supposed, going down with their bridge. The whole structure was twitching like Presley's pelvis when I took my last foot off it and for all I know the Clifton Bridge went that night the same way as the Tacoma Narrows. I've never been back to check so if you're ever up that way do be careful and look both ways before you step off into the Avon.

Whatever became of . . .

. . . the idea, current about ten years ago, that people landing from these long-distance flights would suffer temporary maladjustment? One remembers J. B. Priestley, among others, expounding chillingly this new menace to the human frame; the shock to metabolism, psyche, the lot, of travelling so far so suddenly. Well, now everyone flies farther, more often, faster than ever without, as far as one knows, a tremor of reorientation. (And look at that ace flying family, the Queen's, as it plunges happily from aircraft to reception routine and on to the sort of life that would give *us* maladjustment even without flying there.) Has science at last put paid to the theory that if nature had meant us to travel more than 60 mph we should have had mach-counters built in at birth? After all, when the new-fangled railway trains were getting speed up, everyone was saying that man's *natural* maximum speed was that of a galloping horse.

—A.M.

A Break in the Gloom

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHAT with the kiddies' milk being threatened and all the Fleet Street cartographers busy on maps showing this place Novaya Zemlya exuding millicuries of iodine 131 like a Roman candle I should be courting charges of irresponsibility if I tried to make out that world morale is at its peak this week. I met a man in the train the other evening who wanted to talk to me about the bomb; he asked if it worried me, and I was too tired to be anything but honest. I said it did. "You don't mean it," he said. "Why, I'm laughing, laughing!" And he laughed, and poured himself another miniature Scotch, his third since East Croydon.

I shouldn't want anyone to think I was like that man. Escaping into the bottle. There are ways of looking on the bright side while still looking reality in the face, and I owe my thanks to a Science Correspondent of more or less even date for giving me that much-needed toehold on the cliff-face of despair which enables me, in my turn, to reach down and extend the hand of comfort to those readers who can't even raise a laugh at that American apostle of self-preservation who was digging himself a deep shelter last week when his house fell into it.

That was a long sentence. I have not been drinking. A little iodine 131 may have seeped into the syntax, blurring the literary disciplines, but I haven't touched a drop.

The piece by the Science Correspondent was short, and headed "RADIOACTIVE BALL FINDS PIPE LEAK." It reported, without hysteria, a good deed by Radioactivity. This leak, it appears, was in a modern central heating system buried under a permanently laid floor, and without this radioactive ball, placed inside the main pipe near the boiler room, and "seeded with a minute pellet of irradiated sodium bicarbonate costing about two shillings," they would have had to tear the floor up before they found it, thus occasioning a good deal of domestic inconvenience, and causing the house-

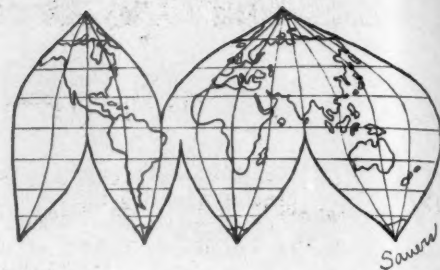
holder, in his folly, to say "If they don't get these piles of parquet down again soon and stop the damp coming up out of the foundations and playing hell with my rheumatics, then roll on the bomb"—just the kind of defeatist attitude which it is my present purpose to discourage.

The fact is, that once radioactivity catches on as a benevolent influence, its image as a heavily shaded portion of sketch-maps of the northern hemisphere will gradually begin to fade. Remember that the first man who saw

Sir Walter Raleigh smoking thought he was on fire and threw water over him, thus ruining a contemplative pipe and giving rein to causeless panic—never pleasant to see in a so-called civilised society. But our attitude towards tobacco has changed since then. Last week was Fire Prevention Week, but did Home Office representatives go around drenching smokers? They did not. With the passage of the years since Raleigh's time (1552-1618, according to a usually reliable source), we have come to recognise that smoking has its



"Everything in the room won a Design Centre award, except of course Charles."



credit side. True, smokers fall asleep in bed and ignite their eiderdowns, but they are in the minority; balance them off against the millions who enjoy their hacking cough every morning and would be lost without it, and all evidence is in favour of dubbing tobacco a boon.*

Let us try, then, to balance off the adverse effects of radioactivity as gloatingly expounded in every paper you pick up from *The Lancet* to the *British Medical Journal*, against the ineffable advantages of getting our central heating leaks located without our permanently laid floors being disturbed by so much as a knife-blade between the woodblocks. Look at the purely financial side alone. Heaven knows what a 50-megaton distribution of fallout costs. Full exchange of atomic secrets between Russia and the West is one of the remaining avenues to international understanding not yet fully opened up. We can only guess, and pass a vote of sympathy with the Russian taxpayer. At a rude estimate of £1,000 a ton for materials alone—and then you've got your overheads, including provision for scientists in their old age—it doesn't leave much change out of a £50,000,000 note. I ask you, in the name of reason, how does that look against this extremely reasonable figure of 2s. for sodium bicarbonate? Not to harp on a footnote† already extravagantly long, the common sense of the plain, wholesome, ordinary, economic

*This is the plain, wholesome common sense of the ordinary man operating at its optimum. If water-throwing had really caught on in about 1580, or whenever it was, simply every innovation of Raleigh's would have been suspect. Today we shouldn't have been able to eat a potato without someone emptying a pail over us.

†See other footnote.

man is going to reject utterly any such palpably wasteful project. I say this with confidence and in good heart, despite a faint tenderness in the glands of the upper neck which seems to me to have come on since about Tuesday of last week.

Moreover, we should remember that we are only on the fringe of these beneficial potentialities of intelligently-channelled radiation. You're not going to tell me that if two-shillings' worth of these now plentiful particles can keep the world's flooring undisturbed it can't also be directed towards other useful ends? It won't in the least surprise me, once fallout-for-peace really gets under way, to find that we can employ the stuff to get the grit out of train upholstery, dissolve traffic

jams, grow instant asparagus, keep collar-points rigid without all that maddening plastic engineering, kill slugs, get rings off furniture, conquer TV interference from hair-driers and produce a full-bodied British wine. You think we shan't? Of course we shall. (All together, now, *Of course we shall.*)

In the meantime, my Science Correspondent, by simply hanging a short little article on radioactivity's job of tracing leaks in heating systems, has already shown that it's unbeatable for tracing silver linings, more or less invisible to the naked eye, in mushroom cloud formations . . . provided some lunatic doesn't rush up and chuck a bucket of water over you as soon as he sees you taking the cover off your typewriter.

THEN AS NOW

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

December, 8 1915

This, (with Hood's "Song of the Shirt") is the most widely-known poem published in PUNCH. It was written by Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, a Medical Officer in the First Canadian Contingent. He died at Boulogne in 1918.

The Quad Trembles

By J. E. HINDER

Tuck-shops to cut down on sweets and sell raw carrots—boys should not be allowed to be fat—bullying can be combated by instruction in judo: this advice and more is contained in a recent issue of "Family Doctor."

"I SAY, you fellows!" spluttered Bob Cheerful, "look what Mrs. Stodge has made me buy at the Tuck-Shop!" He held up a large turnip. "Ha-ha-ha-ha!" cachinnated handsome Harry Profile, the leader of the Egregious Eight of Blacknuns School.

"All very well to laugh," grumbled Bob, "but there's something very queer about Blacknuns since we got back this morning." It was the first day after the Summer Vac and the friends had not yet got together. "What d'you mean, queer, you ass?" demanded the popular Harry. "Well," said his friend, "I just bumped into old Sooty and I said to him 'How do, Sooty' and d'you know what he said?" Prince Ramjam Bukit Singh, the dark-skinned boy from the East, alias Sooty, had long been an associate member of the Eight. "Well, what did he say?" asked Harry. "He said," yelled Bob, "he said 'The Sootyfulness is not democratic. Kindly cease the address-fulness in that racially discriminating manner.'"

"He must have gone potty!" ejaculated Harry.

At that moment Wallace Q. Kentucky, the Yank at Blacknuns, came running up. "I sure guess and opine," he drawled, "that old Squelchy has left the school. There's a new guy here in charge of the Remove, called Portent!" "Squelchy gone!" chorused the other two. "He sure has," replied the American boy, "and the new one's a psychiatrist. Hasn't even got a goldurned cane!"

Scarcely had the shock of this news faded when they were spurred into activity by the familiar sight of Bulging, the school bully, marching across the Quad holding young Farthing of the Third by the left ear. "Stop that, Bulging, you blessed cad!" snapped

Harry, his handsome features stern. "Don't worry about me, Profile," piped little Farthing, "I've got my Black Belt." And with practised ease he threw the discomfited bully over his shoulder.

"Well!" gasped Harry. "Good for you, young 'un!" "It's not his fault," said the little fellow calmly, assisting Bulging to his feet. "I've just spoken to Mr. Portent and he says that Bulging's aggressive tendencies are just the result of an infantile sexual trauma manifesting itself in adolescence."

"I don't know what's come over the place," gasped Bob. "Your old Public-School system is a gosh-awful anachronism," drawled Wallace Q. Kentucky. "It's British decadence, like you guys are dragging your feet over containing the Commies."

In the ensuing scuffle, several handsome black eyes were dealt out and amid cries of "Colonialist!" "Race-rioter!" and "Rotten sneak!" the assembly broke up. "Well this is a good start to term!" vouchsafed Bob Cheerful,

mopping his brow. But there was more to come. "Do my optics deceive me," cried Harry Profile, "or can it be Reggie Rotundity?" "Great orbiting astronauts! It is!" yelled Bob. The glandular phenomenon of the Remove had just appeared round the corner. But what a different Rotundity! He was as slim and athletic as the Cricket Captain himself! "Hullo, you chaps!" he cried. "Have a carrot on me: they're top-hole for the figure!"

"Well!" said Bob, in bewilderment, "it'll rain green ink next!"

But it was not until after prayers the next day that the final shock was administered. Stolid Johnny British, another member of the Eight, broke the news. "Squelchy was sacked," he said breathlessly. "Sacked!" burred his associates as one man. "Sacked," repeated Johnny. "You know Lolita Lavender?" All knew the charming leader of the Feminine Five at the neighbouring girls' school, St. Edythe's. "Well?" demanded Harry Profile, flushing. "Squelchy took her down to Brighton for the week-end!" cried their informant. "What for?" asked the others, in amazement. "I don't know, chaps," replied the stolid Johnny, "but they sacked him for it!"

There was a stunned silence for a moment. Then the popular leader of the Egregious Eight spoke up. "I think I shall ask the pater to take me away at the end of term," he said grimly.

The old timbered Hall resounded with a chorus of "Hear hear!"



"All right, I apologise—you're not a lazy, good for nothing, ne'er-do-well!"

Fallout Shelters Can be Fun

No matter how grim the reason for its coming into being, there is no reason why you should not fit out your shelter according to the established traditions of gracious living.

Here is a genuinely liveable deep shelter for modern people who care about the better things in life. It was designed by Sir Cyril Sconce for Sir Francis and Lady Butteridge, and is to be installed in the grounds of their country place, Duckingham Hall. Jocelyn Bothways has done the interior decoration, and although we cannot perhaps all spread ourselves quite to the extent that he has, nevertheless there are many ideas in his plan that can be used in shelters of rather more modest ambitions.

Sir Cyril chose heavy reinforced concrete for the outer shell, both as being the toughest material available for resisting blast and also as a suitable medium for deploying the soft pastel colours chosen in collaboration with Mr. Bothways for the inside walls. A two-storey open-gallery design was decided on, in order to avoid the feeling of claustrophobia that could be induced by too low a roof in a building from which the inhabitants might not be able to emerge for a period of several weeks.

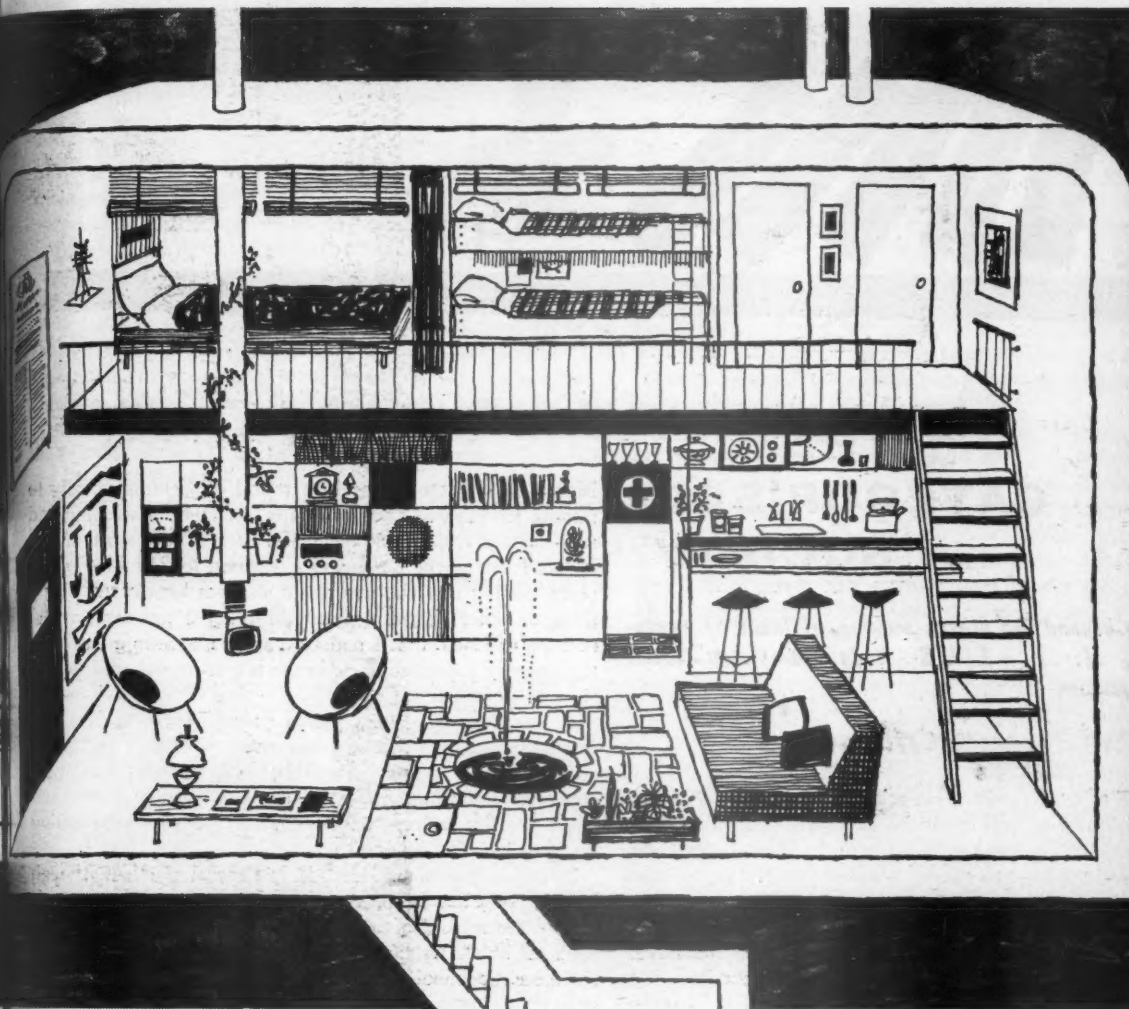
A charming feature is the external entrance and exit shaft, terminating at



ground level in an antique "folly" planted with appropriate shrubs. It is hoped to include among the foliage some quick-growing variety which will indicate the presence of any residual radioactivity by putting out mutations.

An air of spaciousness uncommon in deep shelters is achieved by the use of a paved patio in the middle of the floor. Worth noting is the inclusion of a "play area" on the gallery level of the shelter, where Lady Butteridge's two children Aidan, 7, and Barney, 5, can play while the "grown-ups" devote themselves to the sterner side of living down stairs.

Sir Francis insisted that, fallout or no fallout, there should be an adequate wine-cellar, and Sir Cyril has most ingeniously combined this with an emergency exit. In next month's issue Sir Francis writes on stocking a cellar for nuclear warfare.



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ng a cellar

the prefabricated ruins used to soften the impact of the shelter-entrance built up of Crowther's "Period" Ruin Units. They are light and easy to assemble, yet strong enough to resist the blast of a 50-megaton bomb at any miles' distance.

Among the shrubs chosen to "landscape" the entrance are *Alchemilla*, *Iris pallida dalmatica*, *Helleborus corsicus* and *Rhododendron*. P. D. Williams. From The Armageddon Nursery, Aldershot.

The decorated Victorian cast-iron staircase in the main entry-shaft was found in a demolition contractor's yard in Sidcup, in almost mint condition. The "indicator pot-plant" for showing radioactivity in the outside lobby is a specially quick-growing variety of Mind-your-own-business. From Nuclear Shrubberies, Ltd., Wisley.

The heavy steel main door with flush-fitting blastproof crystal spyhole is painted Fireball Red.*

The small Reg Butler figure on the ledge beside the master bed-compartment is a maquette for his "Unknown Nuclear Victim" to be erected in the village square.

The left-hand of the two identical doors (painted Mushroom Grey*) opens into a store-compartment containing supplies of non-radioactive food and water, and also housing the batteries which power the lights, water, central heating, fountain and electronic apparatus.

Through the right-hand door is the bathroom, equipped with bath and basin of shatterproof vitreous china in Lichen Green.* From John Moulding & Co., Ltd.

The sink is equipped with a removable cover in South African stinkwood which converts it into a serviceable bar. From Megafun Ltd. Bar-stools from Festival of Britain, Ltd.

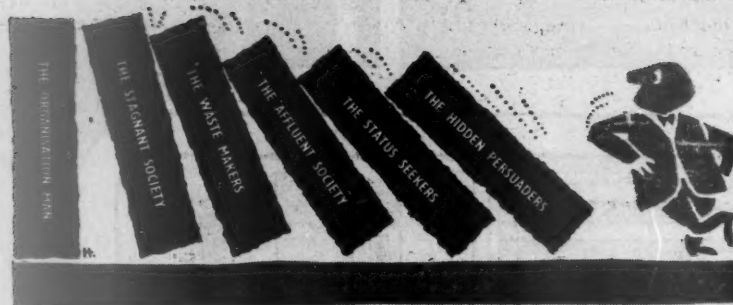
The air-filter (by Deepdown Air-filters, Ltd.) is mounted inconspicuously above the sink and will recirculate used air in the shelter if tests show that the air outside contains a dangerously high concentration of radioactive isotopes.

The eight-foot settee is upholstered in foam rubber and covered with Blue Steel* velvet (Feebles Ltd., 55s. per yard). It has been specially designed by Arne Conreames of UNO Furnishings not to be convertible into a bed, in order to discourage unwanted visitors to the shelter.

"Closed-circuit" high-fidelity radio equipment is provided (Skye Radio, Ltd.) so that if the BBC goes off the air, the family can still tune in to programmes broadcast on their own transmitter and so avoid the risk of panic.

The Danish teak-mounted periscope has been given an opening of reassuringly familiar aspect. It comes from Finpar, Ltd. The climbing plants are *Hedera helix aureo-variegata*, from Nuclear Shrubberies, Ltd.

*Shelter and Garden colour.



THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

Looking beyond the status-seeking, affluent or waste-making, H. F. ELLIS finds some new social compartments

3 The Proud Offenders

I USE this term, with some reluctance, to embrace all the multitudinous sub-categories of people who like to be thought to be doing wrong; with reluctance, because the term suggests that some offence is in fact committed, whereas the essence of this interesting social quirk is that in most cases it is not.

The nature of the offence claimed varies with the individual from the petty personal weakness to actionable crime, but through the whole gamut runs like a silver chain the smug rhetorical question, spoken or unspoken, "Aren't I awful?" It is for this that the investigator listens with his inward or outward ear. There are other indications not uncommonly to be noted: an eager leaning forward among women anxious to confess; winks from man to man; at times, where several practitioners are gathered together, a sort of shared roguery, indistinguishable from roguishness. But the rhetorical question is the touchstone for any sociologist tough enough to launch his craft in this not very appetising sea.

Right down at the bottom, in the primeval ooze, are the myriads who "really oughtn't to" but do. While making a study of Sampletown (not its real name) I listed 364 women and 87 men who, their neighbours assured me, never accepted a cigarette, another drink, an éclair, an invitation to tea or any other trivial indulgence without indicating that the acceptance was directly opposed to their doctor's orders, their religious principles, some strict personal rule or their husband's wishes, or would make them late, fat, dizzy or cry. This is a mainly middle-class phenomenon, associated with detached houses on the outskirts of Sampletown, where opportunities for genuine sin are so rare that the devil must be forced into the disguise of cream buns and coffee at the

Mecca. Life here is one long round of yielding vocally to minute temptations and confessing endlessly to winning and non-existent little incompetencies. At 97 per cent of the homes I visited the housewife apologised for the state of the place, adding that she was afraid she was hopeless at something or other; it was only at the other 3 per cent, where nothing was said, that I noticed a spent match in an ashtray, the morning paper set askew in the magazine rack and similar signs of slovenliness.

It was interesting, and perhaps significant,* to find that the informants who kindly volunteered the names of "proud offenders" in their neighbourhood all, without exception, appeared on each other's lists. Eight of them prefaced their disclosures by saying "Of course, I ought not to be telling you this."

Professed group awfulness is in general classless, though Pringle notes that in the upper and lower classes the group is more often a band of friends, while in the middle classes it tends to be the family. My assistants noted the following characteristic manifestations in a quick forty-eight hour survey:

"The things we get up to when we're together."

"Anything can happen in this house."

"All the people in front turned round and shushed."

"I still don't know what we were all doing in that woman's greenhouse."

"They won't forget us in a hurry, I can tell you."

"We're all absolutely mad, I'm afraid."

The investigator's difficulty is to find out in any detail what the things that are got up to actually are or, more accurately, what the awful group wish them to be thought to be. It is rare to get anything more explicit than "Oh, the maddest things!" or "My goodness, it was dreadful!" or "What was it you actually said to that man, Leonard?" Personal participation is no more fruitful. I have myself engineered week-ends with two absolutely mad families, despite warnings that absolutely anything might happen, and found that nothing happened at all except a little giggling at house-jokes

*As an instance of the Law of Personal Exclusion, which states that no interviewee ever recognises his or her own membership of any conceivable social category. It is quite safe, for example, to ask a man wearing a white quilted waistcoat and smoking a hookah whether he knows of any professional eccentrics in the district.

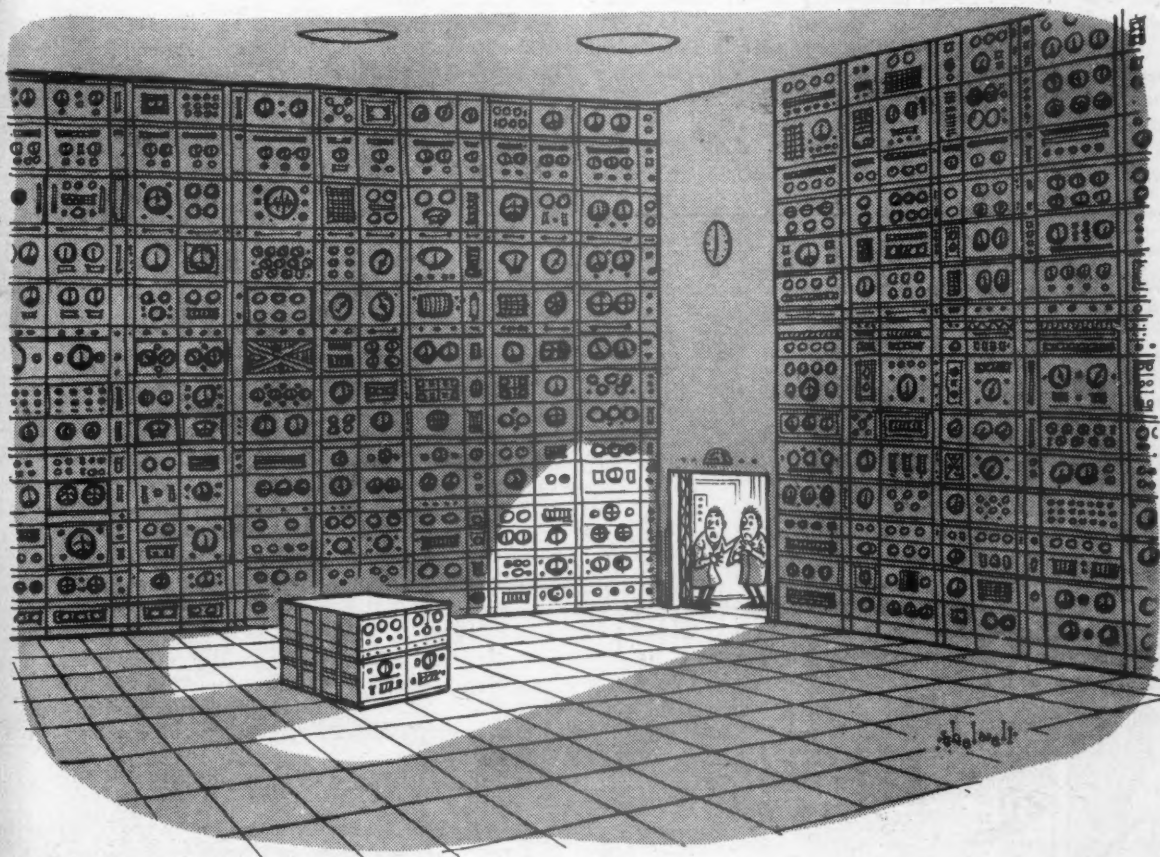
unintelligible to a stranger. Both my hostesses apologised at the end and hoped it hadn't all been a bit too much for me, and I'm afraid I said no, it had just been damned dull. The trouble with me is I will blurt out the first thing that comes into my head.

Some people are so proud of the awfulness of their families that they write books about them. There is a great deal of rudeness and shouting, mother is always in an inefficient whirl and drops things about, one of the children puts bees experimentally into the dishwasher, and father is so eccentric as to be certifiable. It has to be admitted that here the awfulness does come through, but the interesting point sociologically is that it cannot be the awfulness the author is so proud of or he would never have written the book. It is dangerous to theorise in what should be an exact science, but what seems to have happened in these cases is that the writer, starting from the widely held premise that his own family is easily the most remarkable, unconventional and amusing in the world, has found that his memory will supply nothing to justify this view in cold print and has been obliged to improvise, to exaggerate, to invent. This ensures the success of the book, many readers finding that it confirms, by contrast, their conviction that their own families are mad but nice.

Group awfulness finds its widest expression, if we pass over Rugby football players on tour and trainloads of rich Midland manufacturers, in beatniks, coterie of artists and occasional outbursts of high spirits in aristocratic circles staged for reproduction in gossip columns. But it is time to move on from the merely trivial, from the desire to be thought a bit of a devil socially, to the fringes of actual crime. We are now in the region of the vaunted fiddle.

It may seem wanton to throw away in a knee-length thesis of this kind a vast slab of human behaviour that might well run to a whole book. But it is impossible to treat of the proud offenders without some passing mention of income tax and kindred matters, nor should it be forgotten that we are primarily concerned here with *boasted* evasions and deceptions. There is enough genuine fiddling to provide material for any sociologist in search of a full-length title.

George R— has the reputation among his acquaintances in Sampletown of being a "good sort," "no fool" and a fellow who knows what's what. By a lucky chance it came to my knowledge that he is in fact almost painfully honest and something of a nuisance to tax inspectors, water boards and other authorities, owing to the frequency with which he rings up to report half a crown found under the carpet, an outside water tap fitted, fourpenny undercharges in bills, and



"My God, Simpson! That wasn't there when we locked up."

other trivia. Thus armed I was able to persuade him* to talk frankly of the methods he used to sustain his undoubted popularity, with the usual undertaking that his real name should be concealed. He told me that he never found it necessary to give details of the fiddles with which he was credited, nor indeed to state in so many words that he had put them through. Normally, when income tax came up for discussion among the boys, a casually interposed "You claim for the expenses you *would* have had if you'd gone to the kind of hotel you had a right to use, of course?" or a quiet "Not forgetting Clause 9, Section 26 of the Act" was enough to keep them all chuckling and shooting little admiring glances from one to another. "It's a matter of what you seem to take for granted mainly," George told me. "Take foreign currency now. Things aren't so easy since they put the foreign travel allowance up beyond the reach of most of us, but you can still give the impression that only the fuddy-duddies fail to choose a holiday resort near a couple of frontiers so that you can change the US dollars you've got hold of by a wangle with the bank into Swiss francs, then nip over the border and buy lire, finally swapping those for French francs—if that's the right way round."

"Well, which is the right way round?" I asked him.

"I've no idea," George said. "They don't know either, any more than they know what Clause 9, Section 26 of the Act says. You've got to be knowing in this crowd, that's all—not *know*."

Credit for rascality, he went on, was given in Sampletown on far slighter grounds than would suffice for any other human talent or achievement. "A wink will do it," he pointed out, adding that he had once acquired a reputation for cheating the electric light company in some unspecified way, simply by looking down at his finger nails with a slight

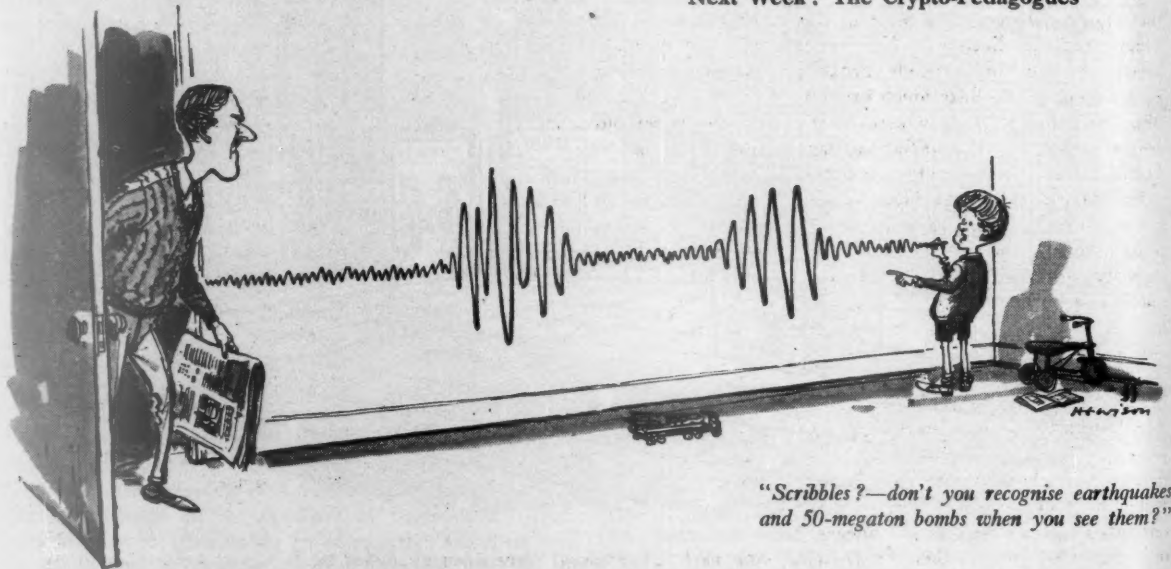
smile when meters were mentioned. "Of course," he explained, with a certain complacency, "not everybody could get away with that. You have to have a build-up, sort of an established fiddling background if you know what I mean, before you can do it."

When I asked him whether, in his view, the good types he consorted with actually did any genuine fiddling, he said he thought not. He believed it was only absolutely innocent, naive men who could deceive each other as easily as they did. "But, mind you, they think I'm a smart lad, all right," he said, and he gave me a confidential nudge with his elbow to drive the point home. So I left.

Other virtues besides honesty are of course proudly disclaimed, but it is not always clear whether this may not be just mock modesty or a logical extension of the deeply rooted national dislike of talking about courage, loyalty, patriotism, and so on. It is difficult to determine, as Hobbleday has shown, whether a man with a stiff upper lip is laughed at as a living cliché or whether there is a genuine desire not to be seen about with such a character, even in a tight corner. I was interested to overhear a young man remark, after a TV appearance by Field-Marshal Montgomery some weeks ago, that "the sort of man I'd go in the jungle with would be the sort of man who wouldn't dream of going near such a place"; but it is hard to draw accurate sociological conclusions from that kind of evidence.

What can be said is that, just as the nineteenth century tended to present a façade of virtue and strength, so the mid-twentieth prefers to hide itself behind a screen of weakness and vice; and it is hard to say which form of hypocrisy is the more tiresome. Advance speculation about Judgment Day does not strictly fall within the province of sociology, but it is safe to say that there are going to be some very red faces when the 1960 Sampletown batch comes up to the bar and verdicts of "honest as the day is long," "impeccable," and "never told a lie except to his own discredit" are publicly delivered. The proud offenders would do well to bear this point in mind.

Next Week: The Crypto-Pedagogues



"Scribbles?—don't you recognise earthquakes and 50-megaton bombs when you see them?"



Which Way to Babel?

If we join the Common Market we may let ourselves in for some language difficulties

By BEATA BISHOP

EVER since I personally joined the Common Market by moving to Paris, I've been fascinated by the linguistic aspects of a more or less united Western Europe. There is a pretty problem here which Britain's eventual entry will make much prettier. Short of compulsory Esperanto or the revival of Latin as a universal language I can foresee the creation of a new Babel.

Everyday shopping in Paris already gives a foretaste of things to come. At present most consumer goods fall into three categories. The most important one is that of French merchandise sold to French customers and, accordingly, labelled in French only. Some are child's play to identify—for instance a brand of orange marmalade called "La Solitude," or a personal happiness booklet known as "Orientation Nuptiale"—but others require more brainwork. It took me some time to work out that biscuits described as "allégés" or "dégradés" were neither alleged nor

morally rotten but extra-light, viz. assorted.

In the second category we find French merchandise still intended for the home market but given extra glamour by the use of English or mock-English names and slogans. This, of course, is an old-established practice; most Paris hands know that the French cigarettes called "High Life" must be asked for as Igg Liff to avoid misunderstandings; but the habit is spreading rapidly. Recently a Paris department store launched a range of winter dresses inexplicably described as Robes-Gadget, to be followed by a more logical crop of Robes-Coquetèle. Sales displays are always enhanced by the term "Prix choc," indicating shock, not chocolates; and home hairdressers are urged to buy "Le Princess' Curler," always in the singular.

Thirdly, there is the increasing trickle of Common Market goods imported to France. Some cause no

more than geographical confusion. There is a crispbread, for instance, manufactured by (as it were) Fratelli Buonarrotti in Milan, under licence from the Nick-Nock Company of New York, and sold in France under the thoroughly English name of "Old Bristol."

Foreign kitchen gadgets come with instructions in six languages, including English. This is a traditional source of unintentional humour, although I for one still find charm in being asked to dress my steak with oil on its two faces so that the scientifically studied hot air can grill it right through.

Even if all difficulties are smoothed over and the Rome Treaty becomes everybody's panacea, Britain's entry will further complicate this already delicate linguistic pattern.

There will be the French and the British, equally insular, equally reluctant to learn foreign languages except perhaps each other's. There will be the West Germans, whose prodigious

zeal for learning is marked by a preference for English as a world language. After all these years the Dutch still dislike speaking German, but English comes to them naturally, the same as it does to Flemish-speaking Belgians; while Walloons naturally prefer French. In Luxemburg they speak a bit of everything. The Italians are so deeply imbued with the musical cadences of their mother tongue that whatever else they speak it sounds like a lesser-known Calabrian dialect.

Locked together in a new Babel, businessmen will somehow manage to confer, correspond and co-ordinate with the aid of multi-lingual secretaries. Fortunately figures look the same in Dutch and in Sicilian. But what about the consumer, the ordinary housewife?

*"Irresistible charm nothing!
He's just a born gossip."*



Will manufacturers everywhere remember her who can talk, quarrel, sing lullabies and tell bedtime stories in her own tongue while being patently unable to understand "shake" or "mix" in any other?

There are two solutions to choose from.

One is that the new Babel-builders as well as their customers will eventually use English as their lingua franca; the only major language with true snob appeal, besides giving less trouble than Russian or Chinese, if only on account of its alphabet. Should this happen, we'll be in for a gay time.

Heaven knows why, most Continentals think that English is a very easy language. If, working on this assumption, Continental sales experts try to adopt the brief, punch-packing, pun-happy style of popular British advertisements, we can expect an unprecedented furore of learning English. Once they realise that a brief word like "set" occupies $3\frac{1}{4}$ closely printed columns in the Oxford Concise Dictionary, with "put" ($2\frac{1}{2}$)

bat an eyelid on hearing that a North German department store is called Schmaltz, and that the French describe sticking plaster as "pansement adhésif antiseptique." Eventually we'll move on to higher things like spring, love, the purpose of life, and (*pace Nikita*) pithy old proverbs of our respective lands.

Either way I can hardly wait to test the first all-European detergent.

BLACK MARK

. . . for grocers who don't give the customers room to stand without knocking over perilously poised pyramids of parti-coloured packages, if indignation may excuse alliteration. An incautious swing of a shopping-basket, even pulling a handkerchief out of a pocket, may cause havoc as one pile of just-balanced tins knocks down the next. Sometimes there are insecurely perched cardboard cut-outs. And all this in space that ought to be sacred to people ordering or queueing or fumbling under carrots for the shopping-list or, why not, chatting to other customers. A shop filled with goods can certainly look attractive; but a shop filled with obviously happy, relaxed customers is more attractive still.

and "get" (a mere 2) following on its heels, Common Marketers will consume a record number of dictionaries, manuals of idiomatic expressions, quotations, slang and nursery rhymes.

But I may be over-optimistic. Perhaps there will be no lingua franca, and instead of everybody else learning English we'll have to speak divers languages like latter-day apostles. At first our range will be very limited. We'll only be able to say "whiter than white," "add two eggs, stir and serve," and "press with a lukewarm iron while wet," in five languages. Later, as our cosmopolitan poise increases, we shan't

Essence of Parliament



A 70-MEGATON bomb may perhaps to some tastes be a high price to pay for getting Mr. Grimond into the Privy Council, but it is an ill wind that does not blow anybody even a little bit of good, and there was no one who did not congratulate him on his honour. Mr. Gaitskell, who seems made for the delivering of after-dinner speeches and who is almost always at his best in the persiflage of pleasant compliments, dealt out his happy congratulations to the Mover and Seconder of the Address—Sir Roland Robinson and Mr. Prior—and then turned to congratulate Mr. Grimond and Sir Winston Churchill. It was not—to be frank—quite clear what he was congratulating Sir Winston about—it seemed, simply on being there. It was not clear to anybody else and certainly not clear to Sir Winston himself. Sensing somehow that he was being talked about, Sir Winston turned to his neighbour, Sir Peter Agnew, to ask him what it was all about and then acknowledged the compliment by a series of comically prodigious bows.

The Queen's speech has not in itself aroused a vast volume of interest. The main rows are obviously to be about immigration restrictions and the call-up. The immigration row is still to come. The Socialists want a row but are in a little difficulty since it is notorious that many of the most vigorous champions of restrictions are among their own supporters. So they have to concentrate on attacking the Government for being responsible for the problem by their neglect of housing. But of course all was dominated by Mr. Khrushchev and his bomb and he had only got into the Queen's speech at all by the skin of such teeth as he may possess—in an erratum slip added in at the last moment and left out, it seems, according to Mr. Silverman, from some of the copies. Everybody wanted to know what the Prime Minister could tell us about iodine and strontium. He could not tell us very much except that the situation was grave and was under observation. The experts seem to be saying that they do not think that there is any immediate danger—especially as the fallout, if fallout

Fallout

—which is somewhat disturbing. The Prime Minister was obviously a good deal less happy at Westminster than he had been at Gleneagles, and indeed even the Great Unflappable can hardly maintain any longer that the whole thing was made up by the press. Mr. Emrys Hughes, who has been so often praised on this page, made for once a singularly silly and unfunny interruption and was duly squashed by the Prime Minister, who obviously, as a general rule, is rather fond of him. The debate petered on as such debates usually do with everybody letting his particular private bee out of his particular private bonnet and paying little attention to his predecessor—

we had Dr. King on education, Mr. Biggs-Davison on the United Nations, Mrs. Slater on advertising, Mr. Leather on the Bank rate, Mr. James on sprawling suburbia, and so on.

It was obvious from the first that Mr. Watkinson was in for a roasting when the House got on to defence on Wednesday. It came all right, downstairs first and then, according to all accounts, even worse upstairs in the Committee. Mr. Brown started in on the Prime Minister, comparing him and his clichés not to MacWonder but to the later MacDonald. He did it quite well but those who complain of clichés must be careful not to perpetrate them, and by the end of his speech Mr. Brown with his call for "calm and calculated consideration" was coming perilously near to MacDonaldism himself. One had a feeling that one was looking at the closing scene of Animal Farm and that it was not long before the men would all start turning into pigs. It is not for an impartial commentator to speculate which bench are men and which are pigs. The gist of the debate was unsatisfactory for a different reason.

Fall-in

Mr. Brown delivered some devastating blows at the insufficiency of our armed forces and his theme was taken up by almost all the succeeding speakers—by Conservatives like Sir Fitzroy Maclean and Captain Litchfield as much as by Captain Bellenger and Colonel Wigg. The reply of Mr. Watkinson and Mr. Profumo was that the accusations were in themselves grossly exaggerated and that they would give comfort to the enemy. One hopes of course that they are exaggerated and that we have some powerful secret defences of which for good reason our leaders say nothing. But can we have much confidence that it is so? The language of the Government was, as Mr. Bellenger argued, ominously like the language which pre-war Ministers used to use in answer to the criticisms of Sir Winston Churchill, and one has an awful feeling that, whatever the deficiencies, the Russians know all about them and that the only people who can possibly be deceived are the British electors. Colonel Wigg has a long-standing bet with Mr. Sandys according to which Mr. Sandys has to pay up if our defence policy collapses. Colonel Wigg thinks that the time has come to collect. Mr. Sandys presumably does not yet agree.

Meanwhile in the Lords another personal row was going—laymen v. clerics (Church of England). Lord Salisbury, having given the Archbishop of Canterbury notice that he was going to attack, weighed in on the British Council of Churches for its suggestion that its demand for an extension of the Rhodesian

franchise was an "authoritatively Christian" demand. The Archbishop sat there taking notes. Those who like to see the ermine fly hoped he might reply. But he decided that it was Other Cheek Day and walked out instead.

There are more important things in the world than having a full debating hall, but certainly Mr. Michael Foot is right in saying that the consequence of an Opposition that does not oppose is an empty Chamber. It was only Mr. Foot who was able to bring anything approaching a quota to heel, and he did so by vigorously laying about him at all parties—at the official Opposition for not opposing—at Mr. Grimond for his "mythology"—not quite clear exactly what this meant—at that "pathetic and petulant old man," the Prime Minister—at Lord Home, "a bellicose Bertie Wooster without even a Jeeves to restrain him." We all of us love our Feet and his vituperation is a large part of his charm, but on this occasion it seemed a little to lack precise meaning.

—PERCY SOMERSET



MR. GEORGE BROWN



As Sound as a Bank

THE investor in bank shares may have some dignified blinkers that restrict his vision, but what he does see is fairly reassuring.

These shares have fallen from the peaks reached earlier this year but the decline has been less spectacular than that of the general run of industrial equities. In recent days the general rally in markets has been led by bank shares.

This is as it should be. Those buyers who have been hoisting up industrial ordinary shares during the past week may have some unpleasant surprises in store for them when the profit figures for 1961 and the dividends based on them are published. Unlike most industrial companies, banks should show satisfactory results for the year.

There may be some reservations about losses incurred by the hire-purchase subsidiaries, which most banks now have in tow. The bulk of the HP losses, however, have been incurred by firms which are not linked with clearing banks. When the clearing banks took their pick of the hire-purchase world they used very sound judgment.

The main point to bear in mind in assessing the financial results of the banks for the past year is the fact that their stock in trade, the deposits entrusted to them, in the main without any interest, have increased. The year 1961 will, on balance, have been a period of very dear money. From the banks' point of view this is a double-edged sword. It cuts in their favour because the margin between what they earn and the average rate they pay on their deposits (nil on their current accounts and a modest rate on their fixed deposits) must widen as overdraft rates are dragged up by Bank rate.

The sword cuts against them in so far as dear money causes a fall in the market value of their investments. The banks, however, had reduced their investments to the bone before money became really dear last July. They appear, in fact, to have been extremely canny

dealers if one may judge from the sharp increase in their investments which occurred last month. Those many millions of gilt-edged securities must have been bought by the banks at very near the low point in the market. All in all, 1961 should have been a profitable year for the banks.

Whether this is revealed is another matter, for under the existing legislation the banks need not disclose their inner reserves nor show profits before tax and allocations to these reserves. This, however, is a matter to which the Jenkins Committee on Company Law is giving close and critical scrutiny. The banks' representatives have argued with great skill and power of conviction that the blinkers on investors who buy bank shares should remain. If, however, the Committee think otherwise and the Government take appropriate legislative action, we may suddenly discover undisclosed richness.

An enterprising stockbroking firm



Laying a Hedge

"CUT down any hedgerow trees and grub out a hedge as soon as it is overgrown and we have enough time and money" seems to be the attitude on many farms and estates. Where there are cattle the hedge is replaced with ugly barbed wire or electric fencing.

Spending a week's wages for an expert hedge-layer would be more rewarding. Not all hedgers are on their last legs and extremely slow workers. There are plenty of young craftsmen still about.

This is an individual craft. No two hedgers may tackle the same hedge in exactly the same way. Even the style of perfectly laid hedges varies—especially in different parts of the country. Whatever method is employed, the result is that an overgrown hedge which continually needs to be filled up with old bedsteads can be turned into a stock-proof hedge to last fifteen years.

The great art of laying a hedge is to enable it to grow. The cutting must, therefore, be judicious. First, all dead

has recently made an attempt to estimate the true profitability of each bank. It finds that in the case of Barclays, Westminster and National Provincial the net dividend for 1960 was covered more than five times, in the case of the Midland nearly six times and for the other clearing banks over four times. This does not indicate generous leaps in dividend distribution in the offing; but it does suggest that if the true position were shown, bank shares might soon stand on an even lower yield basis than they do to-day.

One way of securing a well-diversified interest in bank shares plus an equally attractive holding in insurance is provided by Bank-Insurance units, a member of the Save and Prosper Group. It has just paid an increased and record dividend for the half year to September 15, an increase of 7 per cent on the net payment for last year. This record need not stand for very long.

— LOMBARD LANE

wood and hedgerow weeds come out. That leaves an even thinner hedge. The layers are then partly cut about a foot from the ground, so that they can be laid over at an angle of about forty-five degrees. All in the same direction is the rule, unless there is a horrible gap which can be filled by laying parts of the hedge in the opposite direction.

That brings some order. To help new growth, the stools of the hedge must be pared clean—and here the novices set to merrily with downward strokes of their knives. This is disastrous—for it splits the stools. The expert knows better, and uses upward cuts. He is careful in selecting the stakes.

Live wood, some might think, will take root and add to the thickness of the hedge. That, however, will spoil the hedge. The growth will be at the top of the stakes. For long life all new growth must start from ground level. So dead wood it is for the stakes, though it is a matter of opinion as to what one uses to bind the top of the hedge to keep it in place. These "hethers" are often hazel suckers, ash, willow, or even straight thorn.

A hedge may look more like a row of young trees and be quite unsuitable for such treatment. In this case the stems may have to be half-buried. Cut all the roots except one from the stems, so that fresh roots may strike from along the buried stem. Before many years are out there should be a secure hedge. It will have imprinted on it the mark of the hedger, unlike posts and barbed wire.

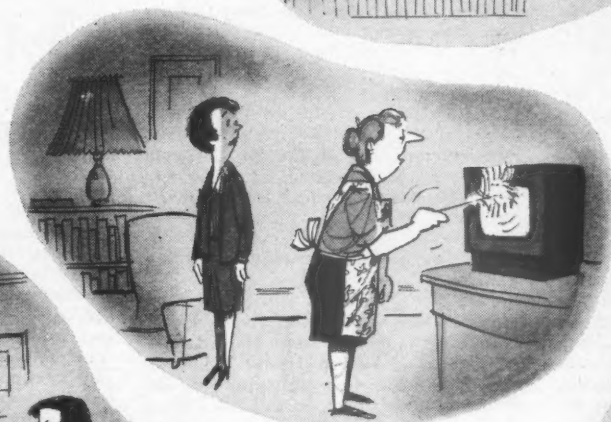
— JOHN GASELEE

DAILY HELP

by GRAHAM



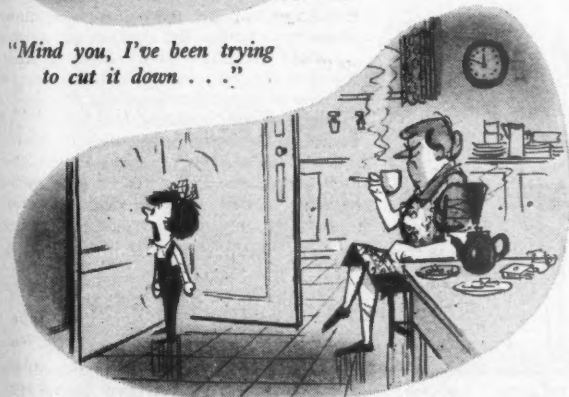
"Sorry I'm late—the car broke down . . ."



"Arthur's just bought me a twenty-two inch . . ."



"Gave me a bottle and told me to tackle nothing heavy for a week or two . . ."



"Mind you, I've been trying to cut it down . . ."



"I'm sure I didn't mean to be offensive . . ."

"She's still having her elevenses!!"



CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

Heartbreak House (WYNDHAM'S)

HEARTBREAK *House*, Shaw's experiment in the Chekhov manner, still lives by its wit and the force and range of ideas. As in *The Cherry Orchard*, Captain Shotover's nautical house is a place of nostalgia and dreams and self-examination, but there the comparison ends, for Shaw's characters, unlike Chekhov's, are not important in themselves but in the things for which they stand. This outspoken house-party is a microcosm of society just after the First War, a society in which the crazy old captain, urging the study of navigation as a rule of life, and Mangan, the millionaire with not a penny behind him, and the dilettante son-in-law, and the three women coolly playing the classic moves in the sex war are all lost souls looking for a way out. But the feeling of the play is not Chekhovian at all, because Shaw wrote it in tearing high spirits; at the end one has the comfortable

feeling that the survivals will continue to manage well enough.

The capture of the burglar who insists on retribution and the hypnotising of Mangan are irrelevances prompted by the irrepressible small boy in Shaw, and the arrival of the Zeppelin in the third act is the first inkling we have that the country is at war; it is almost incredible that no clue to this is dropped earlier in the play. But these are minor flaws which the power of the writing soon dazzles us into forgetting. Shaw was here in his top dialectical form. In the theatre of to-day one almost forgets the pleasure of listening to dialogue as nimble and as close-packed with wit and paradox.

Heartbreak House is still enormously amusing and stimulating, and Frank Hauser's production from Oxford does it justice. Roger Livesey's husky Shotover has obviously dimmed his voice on the bridge in the era before loud hailers, George Benson is a delightfully comic Mangan, and Judy

Campbell as Mrs. Hushabye, Perlita Neilson as Ellie and Dulcie Gray as Lady Utterword capably represent three facets of realistic womanhood. Michael Denison's dashing Hector, Donald Eccles's humble Mazzini and Barry Sinclair's Randall are all reliable in the outfield.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Hustler *Gorgo*

I'VE heard people express mild dissatisfaction because in *The Hustler* (Director: Robert Rossen), which is in a way founded on the game of billiards—or that variant of it which the Americans call pool—the actual scores in one or two important matches are not shown. This seems to me a quite unjustified objection, which could not come from anybody who really gets the point of the story. What matters in these episodes is that one man is winning, or losing, that he is doing something with extraordinary skill or just failing to do it, and the effect this is having on him. That is all one needs to know, and details of what is happening, let alone the actual figures of the score, would be a pointless distraction.

A distraction rather stronger for people who knew what they meant, but an irritating one even for those who didn't. In fact these scenes have been very skillfully made to have their effect just as much on people who know nothing about the game, like me, as on anyone familiar with it. By clever editing, differences of camera-angle, varied rhythm of movement in shots, the timing of small simple sounds, the visible and audible reactions of the men watching, the occasional view of a stroke that does look impressive even to the ignorant because a ball goes a long way and glances at an unexpected angle into a pocket, the right idea gets over.

I haven't even mentioned one of the most important factors, the behaviour of the players. The central character, Eddie (Paul Newman), when we see him first, is no more than the "hustler" of the title, a brilliant player who lives by going to pool-halls where he is not known and craftily getting some sucker to bet on a game, which Eddie then wins by what is apparently luck. But he loves the game passionately and has



ROGER LIVESY as Captain Shotover in *Heartbreak House*

the itch to show that he is really a great player—anything can be great, as he truly observes: “bricklaying can be great”—and his driving ambition is to prove himself better than the celebrated Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason), who everyone says can never be beaten. And in the crucial battle between them, which lasts through a night, a day (screams of protest at somebody who starts to let in the sun), and most of the following night, the two men are fascinating to watch.

This is not the climax; it is hardly more than the beginning. Eddie is beaten, by whisky and his own nagging pride: he wants an admission of defeat, and plays on and on hoping for it, drinking too much, until he has thrown away a commanding lead and winnings of eighteen thousand dollars. But his obsession remains, and when he meets a girl (Piper Laurie) who grows to love him, and for some time they are happy together, we can see the inevitable tragedy coming. It is precipitated by a cold-hearted gambler who sees Eddie as a money-making machine and the girl as an unwelcome influence on him, but its real cause is Eddie's obsession, and it would have come anyway somehow or other.

This description may have given an impression of gloom. The picture is not gloomy: it is so well done, so full of interesting, striking, often amusing detail, so well worked out as a story, that the final effect is stimulating, not depressing. The high spots are the admirably-handled episodes of actual play, but scenes of every kind are satisfyingly well done, notably the one in the quiet, echoing, early-morning bus station where Eddie first meets the girl.

And there is the priceless quality of under-emphasis. In a cheap pool-room, after the tempting preliminary act, Eddie is standing casually with his back to the locals listening to their talk; there is some quite infinitesimal change in his expression, and we know he has realised that one of them is hooked. Another example: his head is turned away from us, something happens, we can hardly see the faint beginning of a smile—and cut. How refreshing this is when more and more films are playing safe by hammering every slightest point in twice!

There are several things that mark off *Gorgo* (Director: Eugene Lourie) from the general run of science fiction. One is that the scene isn't Southern California, another is that there are absolutely no female human characters except in the crowd scenes, another is that the film is in colour and often—more particularly at first—quite attractive visually: and another is that it takes an altogether unusual view of its events. The makers try to express this last quality by announcing that “*Gorgo* has heart,” but that isn't exactly the way I'd



PAUL NEWMAN as “Fast” Eddie Felson and JACKIE GLEASON as Minnesota Fats in *The Hustler*

put it. Conscience, more like; and there is at least a touch of moralising in its attitude. The story, of a prehistoric monster thrown up by a volcanic eruption in the Atlantic, brought to London and put on show at Battersea, and eventually rescued by its 250-foot-tall mother (as I said—no female human characters), is not easy to take seriously; but from time to time we are made aware that our sympathies are meant to be with the monsters, not with the people. This is really unusual. However, it doesn't cramp the filmmakers' style as they show the infuriated parent trampling down London landmarks (for some reason after disposing of the Houses of Parliament it turns aside to devastate Piccadilly Circus before going on to Battersea) while all the armed forces fight it with everything they've got short of atomic weapons, and a Brigadier on the telephone at headquarters earns the biggest laugh of the film by responding to some appalling news (after a short pause) with the sober words “I see.” It's all entertaining, and it even has a worthy moral; goodness knows why they gave it an “X” certificate.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Jubilee Nostalgia

FOR seventeen of the twenty years that BBC Television—now celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary—has been on the air I have been a regular viewer. Not exactly an addict, but

undoubtedly an enthusiast. And when I look back over the profit-and-loss account of my long sessions with the illuminated sweat-box I realise that an item marked “Keeping in Touch” is easily the most gainful of the benefits received. Just keeping in touch.

I know that many viewers will agree with me. The whole of TV, not merely *Panorama*, constitutes a remarkably clear and penetrating picture-window on the world, and for me it would be narrowing and mildly stultifying to be deprived of it. What am I kept in touch with? Well, with youth. Nothing is more difficult for the middle-aged, in the ordinary commerce of life, than to remain on terms of fellowship and understanding with the young: there are mental and physical barriers, preoccupations pre-occupy, and social immobility shackles. But TV miraculously extends the “long littleness of life.” I meet young people on both major channels, arguing about religion, morals, politics and pop records, dancing in formation, jiving, “twisting,” marching and sitting down in protest, giggling at Sir Malcolm Sargent, bleating their love songs from vaulted echo-chambers . . . Being square I am of course frequently baffled. Their pop records bore me after a single hearing and the fact that they are bought in preference to Mingus, Lewis, Brubeck and company saddens me. However.

In touch with cinema. These many years, TV intervening, I have been a fugitive from the big screen, but with the help of my colleague Richard Mallett, *Picture Parade* and kindred programmes

I manage to remain on nodding terms with the industry. *Picture Parade*, it seems to me, has improved vastly under the baton of Robert Robinson, a commentator of shrewd, laconic objectivity. Where once this item was cosy, garrulous and a little too deferential for my taste it is now reasonably critical and pacy. And if I am put off by most of the trailers I am also, now and then, finding my appetite whetted. *Picture Parade* is skilfully produced by Christopher Doll.

In touch with sport. There was a time when cricket, soccer and athletics were my only sporting interests: now I get out my rattle enthusiastically for Rugby Union, Rugby League, tennis, show-jumping, swimming—less enthusiastically for racing, boxing, motor-racing and wrestling. Like me, millions have discovered that screened cricket is on the whole a better proposition than the real thing, and slowly our decision will produce changes in the organisation of the game. For soccer we have to put up—we telefans—with snippets packed unnaturally with incidents and goals or with games between unknowns relayed over the Eurovision link. I can understand the reluctance of the League clubs to have their games televised: they need the publicity and the money, but spectators brought up on a fare of telescoped action, goals galore and action-packed drama, are apt to find the view from the terraces somewhat less exciting. The standard of football to-day is infinitely higher than it was twenty years ago when attendances rocked into the million mark every week, yet spectators nowadays resort to the derisive whistle or the slow hand-clap at the first hint of mid-field play. They want all those goals they see on television, just as cricket-lovers stuffed with condensed pictorial reports of five-day Tests want cascades of wickets and great platefuls of sixes. I don't know the answer. All I know is that I am grateful for my weekly ration from *Sportsview*, Peter Dimmock *et al.*

In touch with . . . well, with the arts via *Monitor* and *Tempo*, with . . . But you know what I mean. End of nostalgic mood: renewed congratulations to the BBC on its television jubilee.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

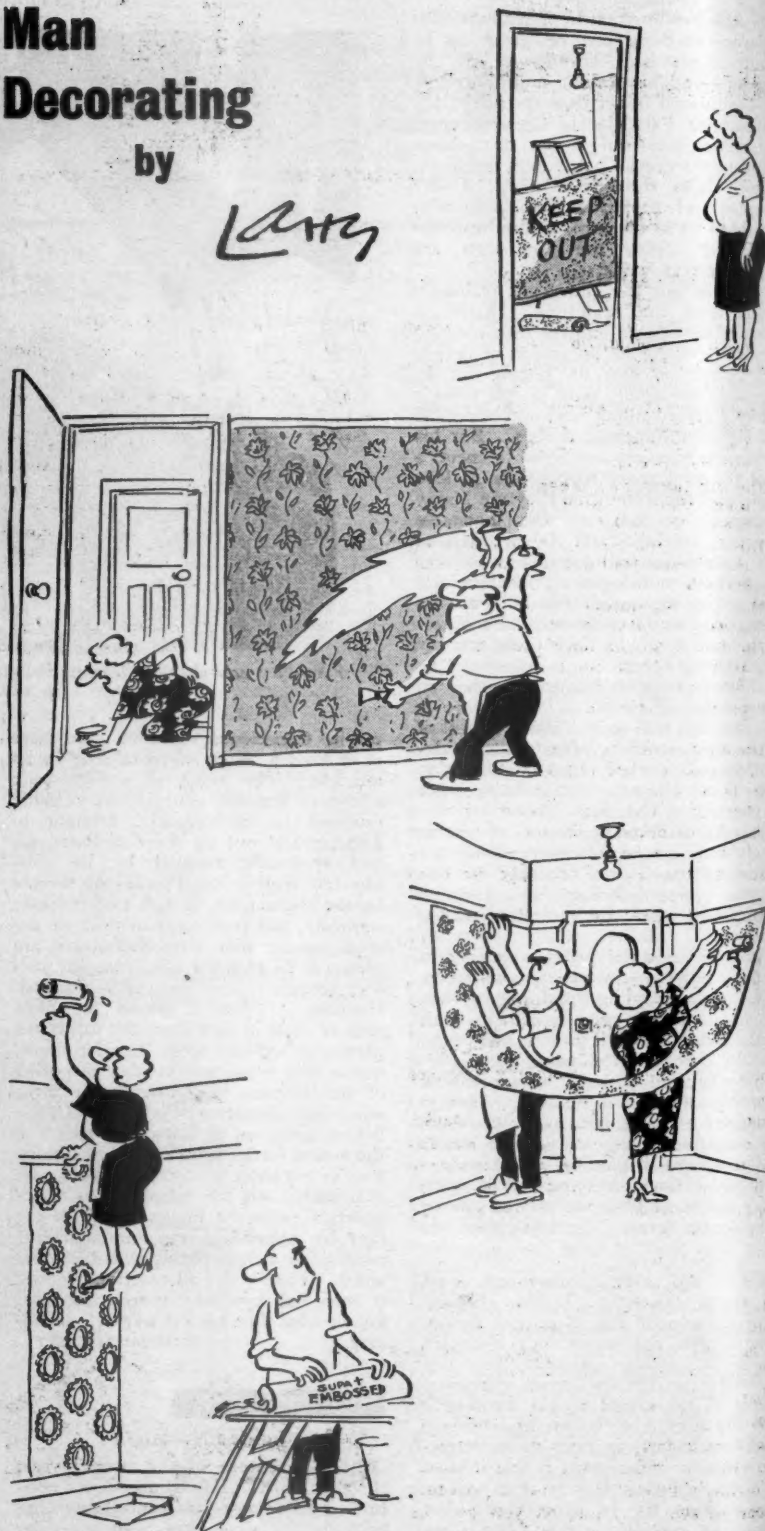
"Punch in the Theatre" is at the Theatre Royal, Bath.

"Punch with Wings" is at Lewis's Store, Manchester.

"Covering Punch": Original front covers on view at the Art Gallery and Museum, Keighley, until November 18.

Man Decorating by

LARRY



Booking Office



CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Cowboy and His Friend. Joan Walsh Anglund. Collins, 7/6

A Wish for Little Sister. Jacqueline Ayer. Collins, 10/6

Magic Carpet to Animal Rhyme Land and Magic Carpet to Nursery Rhyme Land. Pictures by Gwyneth Marnlock. Odhams, 5/- each

The Big Jump and other stories. Benjamin Elkin. Illustrations by Katherine Evans. Collins, 8/6

The Cat in the Hat and The Cat in the Hat Comes Back. Dr. Seuss. Collins, 8/6 each

Midnight Adventure. Raymond Briggs. Hamish Hamilton, 6/6

The Boy Who Sprouted Antlers. John Yeoman. Illustrated by Quentin Blake. Faber, 8/6

Paddington Abroad. Michael Bond. Collins, 8/6

The Big Book of Animal Stories. Edited by Margaret Green. Dobson, 30/-

To Tame a Sister. Gillian Avery. Illustrated by John Verney. Collins, 12/6

The Water Babies. Illustrated by Harold Jones. Gollancz, 12/6

The Adventure of Tintin the Shooting Star. Hergé. Methuen, 8/6

All About Albert Schweitzer. Anita Daniel. Allen, 11/6

HOW rum it seems that not so long ago the only "children's books," specifically so described, were either hangovers from Edwardian nurseries or boiled-down Scott with the heftier linking passages brutally sliced. Now they cram the bookshops in great toppling stacks, queasily colourful, and often designed to fit the hands of either giant or gnome children—with one or two clearly for tallish narrow children shaped like pencils.

Intellectual matter for the under-fives first. Joan Walsh Anglund is the writer-illustrator whose two earlier books, *A Friend is Someone who Likes You* and *Love is a Special Way of Feeling*, have so much sugary charm that even the memory of them turns me up. Her new one, on the other hand—*Cowboy and His Friend*—seems to me a teeny little masterpiece. Cowboy's Friend is in fact a phantom bear (drawn in sepia, so you get the message) with a comfortable figure and

placid disposition. Specially recommended for three-year-olds going through the hostile-bear-under-the-bed stage. *A Wish for Little Sister* is a nice simple minimum-word story set in Bangkok with bold bright pictures the colours of Thai silks. A magical mynah bird offers Little Sister a birthday wish; her choice seemed to me a touch priggish, but no doubt affluent children can do with a little anti-materialism early in life while there is still time.

Magic Carpet to Animal Rhyme Land and *Magic Carpet to Nursery Rhyme Land* would make good stocking-books—unpricy, unpretentious, with the kind of naive, scratchy pictures that enchant adults (I cling to this notion that a child may paint like Rousseau but likes to look at pictures of the school of Royal Academy Presidents, but let it pass). *The Big Jump* is part of a new series for children just starting to read: it is bizarre, fantastic, very prettily illustrated in green and tangerine and has all the peculiar incantatory appeal of texts written largely in monosyllables. I assume it to be American, since the Bad King in

Beyond the Press



HON. MICHAEL BERRY

"Daily Telegraph"

moments of excitement is apt to exclaim "Say!" *The Cat in the Hat* (written in 220 different words) and *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back* (250 words) are two American verse-books about a volatile, almost insanely cheerful cat who wears a hat like a striped windsock and reduces domestic interiors to total chaos. The books have sound nonsense-value and look so hideous as to be almost endearing.

Midnight Adventure is a simple harmless tale for small boys about night fishing in the golf club lake and burglars bravely caught by Tim and Gerry. The line-drawings are very good and maybe make one expect too much from the text. *The Boy Who Sprouted Antlers* is an enormously likeable level-voiced fantasy about Billy Dexter, milk monitor in Class 2 of Burrow Road Primary (Mixed) Juniors, who grows handsome velvety antlers in response to a challenge, having conspicuously failed to cut much of a dash in the basket-making class. I am very much for Billy, who has many a reassuring human failing, being vain, anti-social in times of stress, and utterly defeatist about basket-making. The adorable drawings are by Quentin Blake, who draws scribbly undainty children with dish-mop hair and pen-nib noses and colossal vitality.

Unpersuaded by Pooh I am not much taken by contemporary talking walking living bears with the exception of the frivolous egomaniac Mary Plain. Paddington somehow leaves my heart cold, though I like Peggy Fortnum's pictures that make him look wild, bossy and anarchic. *Paddington Abroad* takes him to France, where he assumes some protective local colouring such as a beret and a long loaf worn under the arm. *The Big Book of Animal Stories*, enchantingly and Chinesily illustrated by Janusz Grabiński, is simply an agreeable anthology of a lot of nursery and folk stories involving animals, from the Three Little Pigs and Henny-Penny to a magic Red Indian story called *How the Coyote Made Man*. The formula is a touch loose and is stretched to include the Elephant's Child, the Ugly Duckling and the Tea-Party from *Alice*. It faintly reminded me of those adult gift-books with titles like *The Horse in Art*, but once you start quibbling about anthologies there's no stopping. Pity about the price.

Doting as I do upon John Verney's illustrations, I was a ready-made market for *To Tame a Sister*, the first book by Gillian Avery I have read, but found by the last page I was not at all sure how to take this extraordinary story

of three children banished to spend the holidays with arty cousins in the country—a good classic opening, especially as the time is 1875, but what follows baffled me. There are floods, ruins, charades, a house-party and a clergyman-tutor of astounding height with a mad passion for buns. Maybe there was some clue to it all that escaped me.

The Water Babies has always filled me with a horrible mixture of dread, unexplained unhappiness and disgust for the chilly, watery, seaweedy text-and-dry-biscuit sermonising of it all. Children, who maybe cheerily snap up the fantasy and leave the lesson alone, seem to fancy the beastly thing immoderately. Kathleen Lines has neatly chopped out a new version which is not only very reasonably priced but has admirable pictures by Harold Jones. Parents traumatised by it in youth should hold out against reading it aloud.

Bécassine is about as far as I have got in my pursuit of the comic-strip-book

for children, and my attitude to Tintin is still very fluid. *The Shooting Star* is more terrifically animated semi-science-fiction stuff involving a meteorite and some villain-tycoons. Tintin's personality is cheerful, resourceful and hyper-extrovert, his face usually aghast and sending out a halo of sweat-droplets. I like Snowy his brave hound, who puts out a bomb-fuse in the only manner proper to such an essentially Gallic dog. And *All About Albert Schweitzer* is lively, simply and pleasantly written and anyway something one ought to know. *All* I would doubt, perhaps, but there's a time and place for everything.

WOMAN OR MYTH?

Colette. Elaine Marks. *Secker and Warburg*, 27/6

How can one safeguard writers of Colette's stature from the earnest examination of girlish-spirited enthusiasts who look for what is nice rather than for what is true? Miss Marks, a young American armed with a Fulbright, went



"You're fabulous."

to Paris and sniffed about Colette's Palais Royal apartment, encouraged in her investigations by Colette's third and last husband, Monsieur Maurice Goudekot, who has left his traces in this "evaluation." *Près de Colette* by M. Goudekot, published shortly after Colette's death, is a paltry piece of journealese, written mainly, one suspects,

NEW FICTION

Clock Without Hands. Carson McCullers. *Cresset Press*, 16/-

Key to the Door. Alan Sillitoe. *W. H. Allen*, 18/-

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. Muriel Spark. *Macmillan*, 13/6

The House on Coliseum Street. Shirley Ann Grau. *Heinemann*, 15/-

THIS is one of those nice weeks in the novel, when all the books under review are by authors of high competence and high reputation—and, though in different ways all four of these books disappoint expectations their authors had raised by their earlier work, the overriding impression remains one of pleasure. Though comparatively young, each of these authors has published several widely acclaimed books and has been judged to represent some impressive aspect of their country's new writing. Two are English, and two American Southern; all answer to the world of to-day, all have a sense of social duty, a desire to pin times and places accurately—though while, in the English writers, this expresses itself as a wish to show how class and period dominate the lives and the values of their characters, in the Americans it appears as a search to define the distinctively personal, isolated quality of the individual life.

Carson McCullers is the writer who rouses the largest expectations, and in the first chapter of this long-awaited novel, set in the town of Milan in the South, she seems to do more than answer them. It is a masterful beginning, in which a whole society and its quality, weaknesses, difficulties are suggested in the character of a dying man, suddenly told he has leukemia. All Miss McCullers's

virtues are called up—her clarity, precise observation, objectivity, compassion—but as the story shifts away from the dying J. T. Malone and treats the conflict between a senile, reactionary Judge and his grandson and negro "amanuensis" it exposes, in a new way, her faults—the sickly, sentimental generosity with which she can sometimes treat children, and a desire, seemingly called up by this mood, to treat all people and all opinions as if they too were overgrown children. There is a curious disparity between the actual facts given about the negro boy, Sherman Pew, and Miss McCullers's evident desire to think well of him. None the less in spite of its flaws the book is of undoubted substance.

Alan Sillitoe, it is often said, writes of the working class; but what of course he writes of is the *lower* working class, the tougher, less socialised, more rebellious segment among whom "pinching" is standard practice and society is seen as a racket, a stunt, a cheat. In *Key to the Door* we return to the Seaton family; this is the story of Brian Seaton, brother of Arthur, hero of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. But, compared with that book, the treatment is curiously heavy and staid; it is clear what Mr. Sillitoe is trying to do—to give us a piece of social history, going back into the 'thirties, which explains why the Seaton's are what they are—and he does it with remarkable skill and great *actuality*. Brian is the intellectual of the family—what he pinches is books—and the shape of the book is the shape of the lesson he learns; the first twenty-one years of his life give him the key to the door in the form of an understanding, a truth.

What makes the book seem so unconcentrated is, I think, that this truth is such a small one—what he learns is simply a more sophisticated version of the philosophy his family has been living all along and, though it is impossible not to realise why he takes it up, the intellectual growth isn't cogent enough to pull the book into shape. None the less, the talent that managed *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* doesn't fail to show.

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie is a perfectly modest little book, impressive simply because it is managed with a skill that never goes wrong. The setting is (as in much of Sillitoe's book) the hard years of the 'thirties, in Edinburgh instead of Nottingham. Miss Brodie is a schoolmistress with unconventional views and a set of girls whom she trains intellectually and emotionally; one of them finally betrays her. It is in the deft placing of intellectual positions and in the depiction of the influence of minds upon one another that Miss Spark here excels, and the book, while essentially a long short story, shows another aspect of Miss Spark's considerable range.

The House on Coliseum Street is likewise a finely handled tale, the story of a New Orleans girl in a strange household who emerges out of a deeply felt, emotional isolation, into a love-affair which makes her pregnant. The weight of the book falls upon her feelings after the rather casual affair is finished, the pregnancy ended, and she is unable to settle back to life. Miss Grau gets this character superbly on the page, and like the three books reviewed above her newest novel well repays your reading.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY



"You're fabulous."

to prove that the author was the "great" love.

Miss Marks goes into Colette's world with all the fervour of an evangelising missionary, cramped by her own moral prejudices, and, so it seems, her own lack of experience. Biographical chapters which tell us nothing new are followed by cautionary literary criticism of the work which tells us only that Miss Marks's nose for writing is a trifle inadequate, to say the least. This is almost an unnecessary publication, especially so when there are, for those who wish to correlate the work to the life, Germaine Beaumont's excellent *Colette par elle-même* and Margaret Crosland's equally admirable *Madame Colette*. Miss Marks's zeal is not matched by her perception, and is certainly marred by her insistence on viewing Colette as a literary myth rather than as a woman whole, who created art out of the experience of joy and pain and from the knowledge of the dreadful fascination of human communication.

— KAY DICK

OLD MISTRESSES

Love in Five Temperaments.
J. Christopher Herold. *Hamish Hamilton*, 25/-

Two years ago Mr. Christopher Herold published a masterly life of Mme. de Staël, *Mistress to an Age*; now he gives us a quintet of eighteenth-century mistresses: the portraits of five highly individual Frenchwomen, who had little in common except their time and (in the so-called Age of Reason) a passion for passion. Madame de Tencin was a Dominican nun who, as Chamfort said, "was capable of anything, literally," and soon decided that being a locked-up female cramped her style. She duly became "an eloped nun" and the mistress of two cardinals (one of them was her brother), gave birth to d'Alembert and finally reigned over the most scintillating *salon* in Paris. Yet Mme. de Tencin was hardly more remarkable than Mlle. Aissé, the slave-girl bought, at the age of four, in a Constantinople bazaar, who became an ambassador's mistress and was seduced back to virtue.

As for Mme. de Staël, who described herself as "middle-sized, skinny, plain, and disagreeable," she had the distinction of a romance in the Bastille ("the Bastille," she had said, "is an ideal establishment for a girl like me, who hasn't a penny"); and she got married, much against her will, at the ripe age of fifty-one. Mlle. de Lespinasse, the incarnation of the Age of Sensibility at its most extreme and morbid, loved with fantastic passion and died "filled with fire and with razors"; and Mlle. Clairon beat them all by carrying on an amorous correspondence in her eightieth year. Five phenomena indeed; and Mr. Herold has written with wit, astringency and historical sense of love in a pretty hot climate.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

"PUNCH" CALENDARS

The 1962 *Punch* Calendar has a coloured cover by Thelwell and a couple of dozen of the best recent drawings from *Punch* distributed through the year. The cost is 4s. 5d., from stationers, bookstalls, or G. Delgado, Ltd., 53-55 East Road, London, N.1.

SPACE TIME

Science-fiction seems to be emerging from its *saison en enfer*; new volumes are streaking out like Leonids, some of them a lot brighter than the recent norm.

There are two books of short stories by old masters—*Aliens for Neighbours*, by Clifford Simak (*Faber*, 15/-) and *Consider Her Ways*, by John Wyndham (*Michael Joseph*, 15/-). Mr. Simak's collection is a really first-class bunch, varied and ingenious plots worked out with a wry humour. Mr. Wyndham's title-story, which deals with an all-female civilisation of startling horror, is up to his best mark, but in some of the other pieces he deserts fantasy for farce.

Spectrum (Gollancz, 18/-) is a collection of ten new stories by high-grade SF writers, picked out by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Out of a uniformly good lot my own favourites are Frederick Pohl's *The Midas Plague*, which plots the ultimate destiny of the affluent society, and Robert Heinlein's *By His Bootstraps*, an amusing time-fantasy.

Arthur C. Clarke's *A Fall of Moondust* (Gollancz, 16/-) gives us the familiar situation of the crippled aircraft and the miscellaneous reactions of its passengers; only the aircraft is a cruise-ship taking tourists over the dead seas of the Moon, and its predicament a "moonquake" that buries it fifteen metres down in fine dust. High marks for technical illusion and for suspense; but Mr. Clarke should try and purge his style of the didactic element that too often recalls Jules Verne.

The Purple Armchair, by Olga Heaky (*Blond*, 15/-) examines the effect on half a dozen individuals of the activities of an extra-terrestrial being who is spying out the earth preparatory to invasion. The character-drawing is rather less cursory than usual, but the satire is laid on a bit too thick.

A rather old-fashioned thriller is *The Green Suns*, by Henry Ward (*Sidgwick and Jackson*, 15/-). Mr. Ward writes about a character called Henry Ward, a cross between James Bond and Albert Einstein, whose task it is to investigate the origin of some unearthly phenomena which the West attributes to the East and vice versa, but which actually originated in "sub-nuclear fields of force passing through Earth Time." Kid stuff really; but exciting at a low level.

— B. A. YOUNG



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

The New Brutes

AS an architect's wife, I will defend modern building and planning to the last foundation trench; but, sometimes, when I hear a victim's complaint, I cannot help the tiny, traitorous thought "I can see your point."

For instance, I felt a twinge of pity for the couple whose architect promised them an invisible picture rail. It is built in now, a minute groove running the length of the wall. But the pictures hang from pins. The firm that marketed the rail failed to market hooks to go with it.

Another family was stuffily refused big bathroom windows—a "jolt in the flow of the façade"—and had to make do with a rivulet of glass under the ceiling. They are still trying to see out. But their fate is not as touching as the plight of many a dachshund today. He can tumble down the series of slats that serve for stairs, but topples straight through on his uneasy way up. The animal world has its revenge, however. A heathside house has been designed with fashionable floor-to-ceiling louvered windows which open at just the right tilt to make an ever-open, ever-welcoming mouse door.

Decorating a modern house also has its pitfalls. Not even a John Siddeley could satisfactorily fill those little niches that puncture the modern mantelpiece. There is a limit to the number of Zadkine maquettes that look plausible on one wall, and tall madonna lilies aren't in season all the year round.

Underfloor heating presents its own problems. The 1961 housewife finds an extra job added to her daily routine—

watering the Chinese matting. Woe betide her interior decoration if she goes away for the weekend leaving the heating simmering and the matting shrivelling. Jacques Tati could not have invented a more bizarre chore.

And it isn't only *mon oncle* who has trouble with gadgets. The entire diet of one family is dictated by their

waste eater. Munchy things like the bones of chops and apple cores go down nicely: and luckily the children like the remaining meat scraps and apple quarters. But artichoke stalks . . . ugh. There have been surprises, though. Yoghourt was quickly restored to the menu after the waste eater got hold of a yoghurt bottle offered in error (or in malice?) and gobbled it down with greedy relish.

This accommodating family is an exception. Few people are as modern as their houses. The teenage daughter of the proud owners of a brand-new modern house wanted to dye her jeans black. Heat the dye on the sparkling white cooker? Soak the jeans in the shining steel sink? She clattered resignedly off to the neighbour's old-fashioned cottage, fully equipped with chipped basin and battered gas stove. No wonder she resents architects.

Not me: I'm a glutton for modern architecture. I savour New Brutalism and delight in cool, refreshing glass-houses. Complainers rarely get my sympathy. But—sometimes—I can see their point.

—ANN BONE

A Note on Handkerchiefs

TO the housewife combing the house for a boiling-quota, handkerchiefs are at the moment the most important things in life. That, an hour later, she will be feeling the same about adjustable spanners or left-hand gloves is not going to stop me making handkerchiefs and their place in the domestic set-up the subject of these notes.

How many handkerchiefs does the average member of the average family possess? Nineteen and a half is a likely-sounding number, until you remember that mums own all the half-handkerchiefs—those sentimentally clung-to fragments showing piggies playing cricket—while dads do not exactly own any handkerchiefs at all. The nearest they get is shaking out some nice big white square with a school number in the corner in marking-ink and a patch in the middle in ordinary ink and wondering whether they've borrowed it or got it back. The average household's handkerchief-aggregate is more easily come

by, and definable as five more than the average housewife gets from the spin-dryer at first scrape and several more than she can hold in one hand without dropping while she pegs them out.

Diversity is a feature of the handkerchief world. The big white kind alone may have edges like pavements or mere rims; plum-and-navy ploughlines or classy crisscrossing self-stripes; while it isn't only half-handkerchiefs of pigs that a mum hangs on to, there are also whole ones covered with rabbits and ducks and forget-me-nots that doggedly outlast their original owners' tot-stage and keep turning up clean. Between these extremes the Small White With Name-tape may be found (usually in a neat ironed pile under the holiday stockings two days after term has begun) with its colleague the Small Pink (the result of an unfortunate boil-up with a red brush-and-comb bag). The other main categories are the handkerchief with triangles of embroidered holes, occurring

at Christmas and coming folded into its two-dimensional box with that characteristic expertise and hopsack ribbon; and the emergency sixpenny, or with luck even fivepenny, dived into a shop for by the scatty handbag-packer and providing those gay touches of apricot and sky-blue in the ironing pile.

Every family has its rogue handkerchiefs; residents like the big white embroidered with a tall thin near-Gothic J or I (handkerchief-initials are a notably untapped branch of typography), and the passer-through with the school chum's frightfully alien italicised name-tape, and the loan handkerchief (usually Grannie's) reproachfully nearing the ironing-board for the fourth time but genuinely about to be put into an envelope. Less a part of the domestic scene, because it happens more to people starting careers and living in bed-sitting-rooms, is the Mystery Handkerchief that the laundry keeps sending back. The point about this handkerchief is the name marked on it—a name so extraordinary as to provide a talking-point for life.

Handkerchiefs have their faults. When wet they are the most unironable substance in nature, and the ones with holes like to test the ironer's character by some cunning placing, leaving you to decide whether to fold them so that the name shows and no holes or, more honestly, *vice versa*. But, by and large, they are dear old family friends, and if there is a nicer sight than the far end of an ironing-board stacked with sixty-nine folded squares and five rejects which will make splendid paint-rags, the housewife doesn't know it. — ANGELA MILNE

Footnote

I TRAINED my feet to pointed shoes
With four-inch heels that stabbed
the ground;
Now "sawn-off ends" are in the news.
(Once, years ago, my toes were round.)

The vital choice makes me despair:
To follow fashion, and persist
In trying to make my feet grow square—
Or visit a chiropodist.

— JEAN FLOWER

The Dinner Party

THE Chinese Consul in Antwerp is surprisingly very tall and thin, and he bends over me every few seconds to see how I am getting on with the mess on my plate. The Argentine Consul on my right is talking to a pretty girl and has so far not noticed me at all. Facing me is a sympathetic looking woman who is going to have a baby soon, but she is Greek, and I get a little embarrassed after a while communicating with her in smile language only.

I am a little alarmed inwardly lest the babble of language should distract me from the more serious business on hand, which is the difficult matter of deciding what, if anything, is edible in the unidentifiable heap swimming in dark brown liquid before me. My husband, who is carrying on a conversation in four different languages and eating at the same time is too engrossed to rescue me. In any case, I am hidden from him by the overpowering bulk of my Chinese partner. My reflexes dulled by rice wine, it has taken me two minutes to discover that what looked

like maggots are merely bean shoots complete with roots. I feel reassured.

The Chinese Consul beams at me, and reaches his long arms for a silver dish. "Try them," he says, and presents me with five or six tiny birds trussed up and swimming in the same brown sauce. These creatures defeat me. How does one remove the flesh from bones like these without special dissecting tools? The Chinese Consul laughs, takes one of my birds and eats it bones and all. It sounds like dry cornflakes.

By now my husband has seen my plight. "They're rice birds," he says, "Jolly good too. Try them." He addresses the Chinese Consul. "How do you get these rice birds so fresh from China, Hwang Hwan?"

The Chinese Consul beams once more, pats his stomach with one hand and manipulates a little bird with chopsticks in the other. "It is simple. We catch in garden. You have a little bird here most excellent substitute. I think you call it sparrow."

— JOAN CREIGHTON



FIRST APPEARANCE

OUR MURDEROUS LEADERS

WE had been tramping round Madame Tussaud's for three hours, and I decided that my young sister needed a rest. We found an empty seat in front of Sir Winston Churchill, and sat down. My sister watched Churchill's cigar—hoping for some smoke.

A large woman appeared with two very clean little boys in tow. The trio stopped in front of Lloyd George.

"This one," proclaimed the woman with a very American accent, "poisoned his wife." The boys looked interested.

"What did this one do, Mom?"

"Ramsay MacDonald?—I reckon he's the guy who shot up half the London Police Department."

Mom then revealed that Baldwin hacked up his children with a carving knife, and that Chamberlain favoured an axe.

Churchill was next in the line, and I did not want these two boys to think that my hero was homicidal. I got up and, as politely as I could, told the woman of her error.

All three gazed at me sadly. Mom soon recovered from her disappointment. "You know I *thought* they all looked a bit too respectable."

— M. F. MORLEY

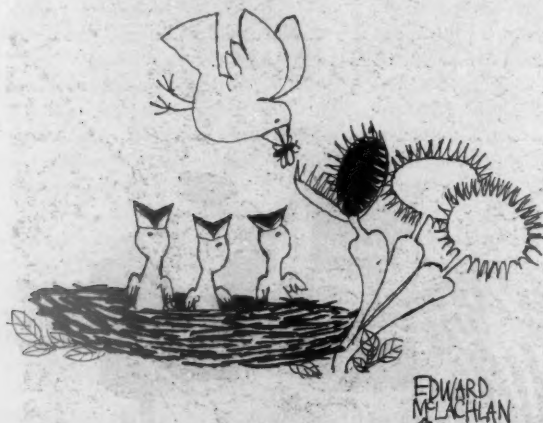
THE OWL'S REPLY TO GRAY

TO sit alone is not the end in view,
I have another aim, to wit—to woo;
And hoping, more than moping, here I flew,
Buoyed up with one intent, to wit—to woo.

Far ruder than your rude forefathers, you
Delay my mate (already overdue),
Who thinks another 'neath our rendezvous
Would spoil our little game, to wit—to woo.

Of ivy-mantled bow'rs there are too few
To serve our purpose sweet, to wit—to woo.
Darkness was left to us as well as you.

The ploughman homeward went—won't you go too?
— JOYCE JOHNSON



EDWARD
McLACHLAN

NOW WE ARE RATHER OLD

THEY'VE opened a beautiful Bingo Palace, Christopher Robin went there with Alice, Alice is buying them each a card, "It isn't a game that's terrible hard!" Says Alice.

They're having such fun at the Bingo Palace, Christopher Robin is nudging Alice, "Is your card filled up?—I can't quite see." "It would be, dear, but I haven't a Three!" Sighs Alice.

They've finished the session at Bingo Palace. Christopher Robin walks home with Alice, They had to walk for they hadn't the fare, "Bingo's a silly old game, so There!" Frowns Alice.

— NANCY GUNTER

SCHOOL REUNION

OF course before we had been there five minutes we were all grouped inevitably around Mary Exe.

Mary's ascendancy over us had always been mysterious. By all our usual standards of distinction she had been simply a non-starter. No prefect's badge adorned her tunic, she won no prizes and was seldom in a team. Others might scramble for such favours; Mary watched at ease from a ringside seat. Not for her the raptures and despairs of adolescence, and when others showed themselves less blessedly immune she would arch her elegant eyebrows and turn on the offender with a devastating stare of pained surprise. As we floundered towards maturity the fear of being thus fixated, as if through an invisible quizzing glass, often saved us from our worst excesses.

And here was Mary, middle-aged, but running apparently true to form. No status symbols decked her person, no mink, no diamonds, no wedding ring, but the arch of the eyebrows was still as exquisite, the eyes beneath them as lazily amused. We stood around her, smiling uneasily.

"Well, my dear Storky, and what of you?" she said.

The quizzing glass, so well remembered, was focused on me. Time gave a lurch and I was once more Storky, whose nose was too long and whose skirts too short, who wrote regrettable poems in secret and couldn't do a hand-stand to save her life. What, I thought wildly, indeed of me?

But the moment passed. Time righted itself, and I was back again in comfortable middle-age. Poor Storky, so vulnerable on such a wide variety of idiotic fronts! Not even to escape my sagging chin-line would I be in her shoes once more.

— E. C. LIVINGSTONE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

Woodlands have opened a permanent gift department in their Seville Street extension: predominant, Italian ware. Harvey Nichols highlight Viennese table and tree decorations. Heal's a self-service gift market, Liberty's a gift-wrapping adviser. From November 13 Peter Jones window-display Christmas clothes and gifts, while Santa Claus is already at Selfridges.

MUSIC AND BALLET



Royal Albert Hall. November 9, 7.30 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Royal Festival Hall. November 8, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Ralph Holmes (violin). November 9, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Clifford Curzon (piano). November 10, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Malcolm Frager (piano). November 11, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Louis Kentner (piano). November 12, 3 pm, Sergio Varella-Cid (piano recital). 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Byron Janis (piano). November 13, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Osian Ellis (harp), George Malcolm (harpichord), Colin Horsley (piano). November 14, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, Bach Choir, *The Dream of Gerontius* (Elgar).

Wigmore Hall. November 8, 7.30 pm, Gordon Watson (piano), Liszt programme. November 9, 7.30 pm, Esther Fisher (piano), Aeolian String Quartet. November 10, 7.30 pm, Wladlaw Niemczyk (violin). November 11, 3 pm, Gwendolen McGill ('cello), British Chamber Ensemble. 7.30 pm, Celia Pearlman (contralto), P. Hamburger (piano). November 12, 3 pm, Stephen Bishop (piano). November 13, 7.30 pm, Rosal Schwaiger (soprano), Francis Poulenc. Geoffrey Parsons (piano). November 14, 7.30 pm, Hungarian Trio.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. November 8 and 9, 7.30 pm, November 11, 2 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty* (ballet). November 10, 7.30 pm, *Fidelio* (Beethoven). November 11, 7.30 pm, *Der Freischütz* (Weber). November 13, 7.30 pm, *Petrushka*, *Diversions*, *Daphnis and Chloe* (ballet). November 14, 7.30 pm, *Madama Butterfly* (Puccini).

Sadler's Wells Theatre. November 8, 7.30 pm, *Rigoletto* (Verdi). November 9, 7.30 pm, *Ariadne on Naxos* (Strauss). November 10, 7.30 pm, *Tosca* (Puccini). November 11 and 14, 7 pm, *Carmen* (Bizet).

GALLERIES



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pm, Carmen



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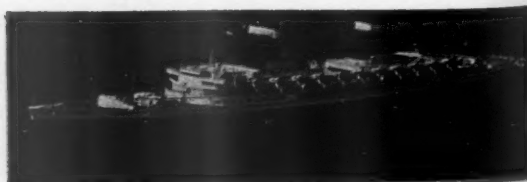
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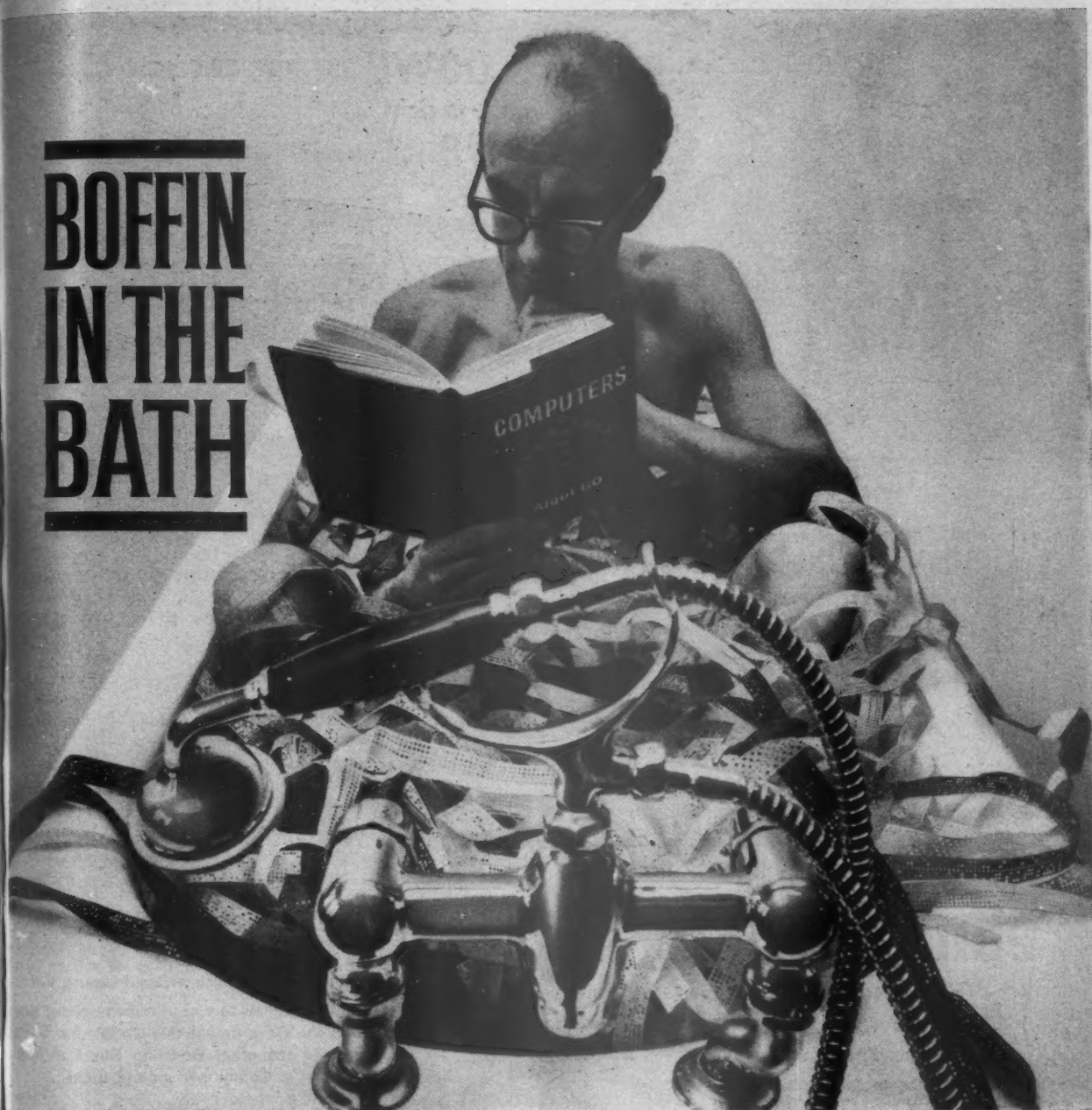
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
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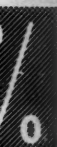
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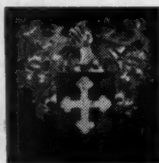
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See page 697

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March, November 8 1961

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'Scotch'
&
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After more than sixty years the association of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky.

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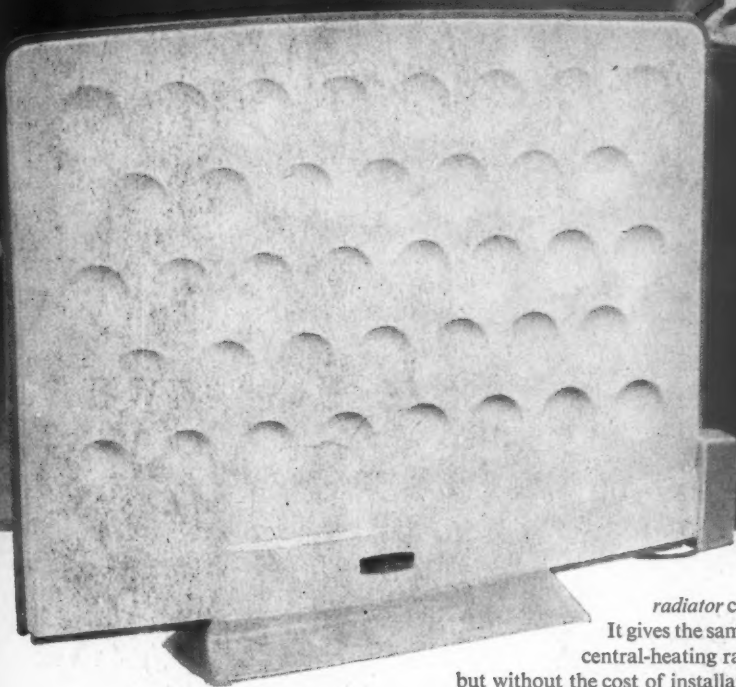
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English Cheddar Cheese by courtesy of Seligman

Try a little cheese with your Whitbread.

IS it because they're both products of the sun and soil that Whitbread and cheese go so happily together? Let gastronomes dispute the reason, while other people enjoy the result—a flavour combination so clean and fresh that it will enliven the most blunted appetite. Any cheese will do

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